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FRANK LESLIE'S KNELLER'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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INDEPENDENCE DAY—A CASE OF VIGOROUS GROWTH.

1887—"How are you, old man?"

1776—"Bless my soul, boy, how you have grown!"

FRANK LESLIE'S
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ECONOMICS IN THE COLLEGES.

THE Cobden Club of England has for several years engaged in a distribution of medals among the students in American colleges for the most satisfactory essays by them in behalf of the Manchester School or British System of Free Trade. Of course that term is used in the restricted and misleading sense of a free importation of those kinds of foreign goods which compete with and displace domestic goods in the American markets. The Cobden Club, as is well known, embraces a large number of the politicians and statesmen who represent the British manufacturers, traders and bankers of the "Rule Britannia" school. It was not formed to influence tariff action or opinion in England. That is assumed to have been finally settled in 1846, when the British tariff for the protection of Irish farmers was repealed, and the people of Ireland were bidden, if they could not raise wheat, rye, oats and barley profitably in competition with all mankind, to sell out to those who could. Nor is the Cobden Club formed to convert the farmers of the United Kingdom over to free trade, for the game is not worth the powder. The number engaged in tilling the soil having diminished one-half in the United Kingdom since 1860 (from 2,100,000 in 1860 to 1,300,000 in 1880, with seven years of continued diminution since 1880, would make fully one-half), it plainly would not pay to convert to free trade a species of the *genus homo* which is rapidly becoming extinct.

Nor is the Cobden Club active in Canada, Australia or India. All these have adopted protective legislation, though in India the veto of the Governor-general, Earl Ripon, in 1878, prevented it taking effect as law. Nor do we discover that the Cobden Club is doing any very effective work in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Austria or Russia, all of which, as a direct consequence of the outcome of protection in America, have undergone a marked strengthening of protective sentiment during the last few years. Bismarck, pointing to the United States, tells the German people expressly, "Protection has done it." Old Spain is passing through a protectionist revival, the object of which is to effect such changes as will develop more actively her iron, steel and woolen industries.

So the Cobden Club, formed expressly for missionary work in foreign countries, does not prosper well in any part of Europe nor in the British colonies. Nor has it a single friend in the National League of Ireland. Lord Salisbury even instructs the British Parliament to submit with equanimity if Canada adopts a prohibitory tariff on purpose to shut out English iron and steel. Thus the effective work of the Cobden Club seems to be narrowed down to the distribution of premiums or medals for prize essays in favor of free trade by the students in American colleges.

Even in this work it is clear that they are not getting quite all the unanimity of co-operation they formerly received. At the organization of the American Economic Association at Saratoga Springs, two years ago, it was apparent that the professors in the American colleges were prepared, as a body, to break away, and did, by their short but explicit platform, break wholly away, from the doctrine that the State should let the growth of industries entirely alone. This, the *laissez faire* doctrine, had been the very bulwark of free trade. But Professors Johnston of Princeton, Ely of Johns Hopkins, James of Pennsylvania and Adams of Michigan, with all others who entered into the Association, were solid in the repudiation of *laissez faire*. Indeed, it was expressly to repudiate this doctrine that the Association was formed.

Meanwhile, also, partly at the urgent request of the students, and partly on the insistence of trustees and directors, protectionist lectures have for two years been given at Yale College by Professor Thompson, to offset the one-sidedness of Professor Sumner, and at Harvard and Williams, as a set-off to the influence of three free-trade instructors in the former institution, and of Professor Perry in the latter. Ellis H. Roberts has also been heard on the protectionist side of the controversy at Cornell, and his lectures have been gathered into a volume which is having a wide circulation. The influence of the new school of professors, who have entered upon their duties after returning from the German universities, has been towards a broad, conservative and historical mode of treating all economic and political questions. They have caught the spirit of Ruscher and Von Holst. They are not quite so certain of anything as the old-school professor was of everything—a sure sign of actual growth in wisdom. General Francis A. Walker, also, though sometimes classed as a free-trader, and sometimes as a protectionist, has exercised a most moderating and judicial influence, which has been felt far beyond the bounds of his own immediate institution. The establishment of two quarterlies, one at Harvard and one at Columbia, devoted to the discussion of the higher problems of economics, and the publication of the Johns Hopkins political and economic inquiries, have developed a spirit of economic thoroughness of research and

modesty of statement which is broad and healthy in its tone.

In view of this more catholic and cultured tone and influence of our colleges generally, the American Protective Tariff League thought it well that the immediate bias created by the Cobden Club prizes should be at least neutralized by a suitable offer of premiums for essays in defense of the American and Continental policy of Protection. They, therefore, announced, last September, a series of three prizes—one of \$250, one of \$100, and one of \$50—for the three essays which should be held first, second and third in order of merit, upon "The Advantages of a Protective Tariff to the Labor and Industries of the United States." The award, it was announced, would be made on the 15th day of June, 1887, by a committee consisting of Ex-Governor Henry W. Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, Chairman; the Hon. Robert P. Parker, Prof. Van Buren Denslow, the Hon. George H. Ely, of Ohio, and A. M. Garland, Secretary. The League also announced that, as a mark of merit, on a limited number of essays, the silver medal of the League itself would be awarded. The letters containing the names of the writers are inclosed in sealed envelopes, and so remain until after the committee shall have made its award. Forty-eight essays were submitted to the committee, coming from all parts of the country. The award will probably be made before this issue will reach the public.

This movement is but one of several, the full purport of which may not yet be ripe for discussion, indicating that a great number of influential Americans are fully conscious that the protectionist policy is one which is growing on the convictions of the American people generally, who are not merely prepared, but are eager, to take the aggressive whenever an opportunity affords. The free-traders throw down no challenge which the protectionists do not promptly take up on better than even terms. The protectionists, however, cannot consider that they are making their "March to the Sea" until they have a text-book in all the colleges which is acceptable to the professional teachers, as well as in harmony with the views of the business world and of practical statesmen. Where the demand for such a book is so pronounced, it will be marvelous if some one does not supply it.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

WHILE the business outlook is not altogether as we would like it, it is not, on the other hand, as unfavorable as some pessimists pretend. There are positive gleams of promise here and there. The liquidation of the wheat speculation will liberate a large amount of money, which for a considerable period was locked up in the gigantic "combine." The exports of grain are increasing. The condition of general trade is favorable. There are indications of a revival of the iron trade. The earnings of the railroads are increasing. The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, that the long and short haul clause may be suspended when the railroad is obliged to compete with carriers by water which are not subject to the provisions of the statute, or when the competition is with foreign or other railroads not subject to the Federal law, or when the strict application of the general rule of the statute would be destructive of competition, will relieve railroads of the embarrassment which in many cases would have resulted from undue rigor in the administration of the law; and the fact increases the value, theoretically at least, of railroad securities. As to the danger of European complications which might lead to war, those who look for a brighter financial situation argue that General Boulanger's retirement from the French Cabinet, the old age and ill health of the ruling men in the German Empire, and the probable desire of Russia to put her finances on a sounder basis, furnish a sufficient guarantee of peace in Europe for a considerable period. They also point to the fact that European investors have for some time been buying American stocks and bonds, especially the latter—Europe absorbing most of the new bonds recently issued by our railway companies.

During the first six months of last year we exported more than \$30,000,000 in gold to Europe, to settle the balance of trade against us; whereas, this year, there have been no gold exports to compare with those mentioned, and what is even more significant, the rates of sterling exchange are so low that imports of gold are not improbable at an early day. As to money, the Treasury figures show that on June 1st the amount of currency of the denomination of \$20 and under in circulation was nearly \$54,000,000 larger than at the same time last year, the increase being due to the large issues of one, two, five and ten dollar silver certificates. Thus on June 1st, 1886, the amount of silver certificates in circulation was something over \$81,000,000, whereas this year at the same date it exceeded \$130,000,000. It seems probable, moreover, that in the event of an undue stringency of the money market, the Secretary of the Treasury would remedy the evil by the purchase of bonds.

SPECULATING BANK OFFICERS.

THE downfall of the Fidelity Bank of Cincinnati suggests the Marine Bank collapse in this city, save that the results of the former failure are far more

disastrous. But in each, there was an unscrupulous young "Napoleon of Finance." In each there was a neglect of trust by a bank officer, and a participation in speculation. At Cincinnati, Harper, the Vice-president of the bank, and Baldwin and Hopkins, also connected with it, have brought suffering and ruin upon hundreds in an attempt to corner wheat. As we said last week, the promoters of the Chicago wheat deal deserved the sharpest kind of punishment. But it was not apparent then that so many others would suffer on account of their rascality. "Hundreds of poor depositors," says one dispatch, "had their all in the bank." And the bank appears to have been too thoroughly wrecked by these scoundrelly speculators to leave their miserable victims any hope—the total liabilities being stated at \$10,000,000.

Whether Harper was in the "wheat deal" directly himself, whether he was its originator, as is hinted, or honored an overdraft for Wiltshire, another speculator, and then put in the rest hoping to cancel his illegitimate act, his responsibility is equally great. He put the bank's money into the deal either himself or at second hand. The attempt to corner wheat was in itself immoral, but the heinousness of attempting this with money whose use was forbidden by special considerations of honor and decency, as well as by law, renders imprisonment for life the only adequate punishment.

Not long since an attempt was made to obtain money from New York banks to carry on this wheat corner, and paper of the wheat operators was offered, which was supposed to be amply secured by wheat at seventy cents. It is said that some banks did make loans which are now heartily regretted. But others refused, and the manly president of one declined expressly on the ground that he would not use the funds of a commercial bank to aid an operation which was in its nature a conspiracy against commercial interests and legitimate business. This raises a point which should be thoroughly considered at the approaching annual convention of bankers. It ought to be established that the funds and credit of a bank should under no circumstances be loaned to support speculative enterprises.

It may be said that in many cases the bank officials cannot know how money loaned is to be used. But if they do know, it is plainly their duty to the public, to depositors and to stockholders, to refuse such loans. A national bank should be able at any time to prove itself above suspicion, and it cannot afford to be implicated in games of chance. Moreover, no individual bank official should be allowed to keep his place if he dabbles in speculation. In the great Hebrew banking-houses of the Rothschilds and the Seligmans, each member of the firm is required, on entering it, to sign an agreement to abstain from private speculation, and the engagement so made is required to be faithfully kept. Let that be made the universal law.

THE KENTUCKY FEUD.

A VENDETTA, or war of factions, which it appears has been going on for ten years past in Rowan County, Kentucky, without attracting much attention outside the State or encountering serious interference within it, culminated on Wednesday of last week in a remarkable and sanguinary battle. A sheriff's posse, consisting of 100 picked men from neighboring counties, armed with Winchester rifles, besieged the town of Morehead, and closed in upon the desperate Tolliver gang, who were the leading spirits of one of the warring factions. Incoming trains were stopped outside the town during the hostilities; peaceable citizens, women, and children, barricaded their houses and awaited the issue. Business had been virtually suspended for many days past, as the town was "run" by the Tollivers. For two hours the fight went on. The Central Hotel, in which the desperadoes held out against the sheriff's men, was riddled with bullets. It became untenable, but there was no surrender. The battle ended with the killing of four of the gang, and the wounding and capture of four more, while the others escaped in the woods. The killed included Craig Tolliver, the chief of the band, and two of his brothers.

This is but one act of the drama; and, unless tradition and precedent, as prevailing in that section of the country, be conspicuously falsified, it will not be the last. The origin of the feud was a quarrel between the Underwoods and the Holbrooks over the expulsion from the county of a rascal and horse thief named Martin. Friends of the two families took up the matter in good old Kentucky fashion, and ere long the Underwoods were exterminated, though not before they had brought down a proportionate number of Holbrooks. But the vendetta did not die with them. It had spread over the whole county, and got into politics. In 1884, one Floyd Tolliver, as the friend of a defeated candidate of one of the factions, started a fight in a hotel at Morehead, and got himself killed by the same Martin who had been the original cause of the war. Martin escaped lynching only to be filled with buckshot by Craig Tolliver (a brother of the deceased) and his followers. A new faction was now formed, with Craig Tolliver at its head, and composed principally of Democrats, while the Martin party was made up mostly of Republicans. The scenes of strife and carnage which ensued finally attracted the attention of the Governor of the State, and troops were sent to Rowan County to arrest the principal belligerents. The latter had, of course, plenty of political influence; and, though they were arrested according to orders, the prosecution was withdrawn on condition that they should leave the State. They did so; but no sooner was order restored in Rowan County than Craig Tolliver appeared in Morehead, and announced himself a candidate for Police Judge. None had the temerity to oppose him, and he was elected. Here was a chance for reprisals! Judge Tolliver lost no time in issuing warrants for the arrest of the two Logan boys, sons of an old opponent in the Martin faction. The Logans resisted, killed the Marshal who broke into their house, and were themselves both shot dead by Tolliver's men. It was this crime which brought about the summary vengeance last week.

Several morals might be drawn from this brief eventful history. An obvious one would be, that the law of the State should take its assassins in hand, and hang them for the first murder, instead of

waiting for the country to rise up and avenge the twentieth. But all that the Kentuckians will learn from the lesson, we fear, will be that it is the safer plan to keep the vendetta out of politics.

GOING TO MONTICELLO.

THE announcement that President Cleveland contemplates a visit to the tomb of Jefferson will naturally provoke comment. The American people could not, if they desired, see their official chief make a movement in any direction, however slight, whether it be to go fishing for speckled trout, or to order a new suit of clothes from an Albany tailor, or to shoot a duck, or kiss a baby, without making it the subject of general remark. As well expect human nature, all at once, in monarchical countries, to get rid of respect for "the divinity that doth hedge a king." Hence, if Mr. Cleveland goes to Monticello it must be talked about.

Grave Republican and Democratic journalists and public speakers will thumb through and read the voluminous works of Jefferson, and hunt up the short remarks of Cleveland; the Democratic editors in search of some point of resemblance, and the Republican editors looking diligently for some feature of contrast.

The editor of the *Arkansas Toothpick* discovers that Thomas Jefferson had a golden complexion, with beard and hair sandy, inclining to yellowish red—certainly an auriferous auburn. He telephones to his nearest Congressman for President Cleveland's predominant hue. He is told that it is sandy, inclining to sorrel roan. This is Inspiration. The next leader in the *Toothpick* assures its readers that "it is not generally known that the similarity of facial angle, and of temperamental type, amounting in effect to a fundamental constitutional identity, between President Jefferson and President Cleveland, is as marked as the unity observable in their political principles."

On the other hand, the Republican sage of the *Androscoggin Beacon*, with an acidity that indicates that official removals have occurred in his district, writes that "Mr. Jefferson was chiefly known for the fact that, living in a period of great transition in opinion, and revolution in action, there was no phase of opinion over which he did not exert an aggressive influence, and no revolution towards better things which did not feel the impulse of his commanding power. Of Mr. Cleveland, however, it may be remarked, that, living in the midst of the most intense political struggle the world has ever known, it is impossible to detect that his views on any occasion were sufficiently pronounced to rise to the quality of an opinion, or that his function in politics ever expanded into anything more exalted than a brake."

On the other hand, the editor of the *Cumberland Bend*, discovering that Jefferson was radically skeptical, while Mr. Cleveland desists from fishing on Sunday and allows his pew-rent to accrue in a Presbyterian church, writes with greatunction: "While it cannot yet be affirmed that President Cleveland's published political works will fill as large a space on our bookshelves as those of the Sage of Monticello, the country may well be congratulated upon the fact that their religious and moral influence upon the young will be in no sense deleterious. If it should be said that the veil of charity must be drawn before the ante-official life of the Chief Magistrate, it can be affirmed with still greater emphasis that the necessity extends only to his acts, and that on all occasions his language has been well chosen and discreet."

To this the Republican patriot of the *Otter Creek Trowel* comes up smiling with the retort: "Far be it from us to desire to discuss the moral or religious influence of Thomas Jefferson. There are doubtless points of view in which the alleged founder of the Democratic party suffers by contrast with its alleged representative. At least if the party can stand this view of the case, we can."

The crucial point underlying this discussion, it will be seen, is whether President Cleveland's projected visit to Monticello will have the effect to make him remove more Republican officeholders in favor of good Democrats, than if he should remain in Washington and shelter during the same period. But Mr. Daniel Lamont is nearer to the President's ear than any other adviser. He will assure Mr. Cleveland that "the friendship of those guardians is to be distrusted who advise their ward to spend his entire patrimony during his first or even his second year of possession." One can imagine the President holding a quiet audience with Daniel on this important question. "Daniel," says the President, "do you feel as if I ought to make all these appointments pell-mell as soon as I get the power to make them?"

To which Daniel replies: "There was once a king named Lear, who had three daughters. Until he divided up his kingdom among them they loved, feared and obeyed him. If they had any detestation to express for him, they kept it securely bottled and corked."

"And allowed it to grow fine with age!" suggests the President.

"Fine, very fine with age," echoes Lamont. "But on an evil day he gave up to them all at once all the appointments he had—kingdoms, castles, soldiers, estates, honors, dignities—everything. And it came to pass that when they had squeezed him dry they had no further use for him, and proceeded to run the machine without his advice."

"I see," replies the President. "This is a deep question. He who gives away all his appointments will have only disappointment left. I think I will go down to Monticello and meditate upon it by the tomb of Jefferson."

"Right," replies Daniel. "It is safer to advise with one dead man than with ten live ones. In the first place, the dead man don't want anything, and the live men do. In the second place, he can't give you away, and they will."

Going down to Monticello, therefore, is one of Lamont's ideas.

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

NOT every country is so fortunate as ours in having a distinctly defined birthday, that reminds its citizens, on its annual recurrence, of the principles on which its government is founded; and if the American people ever become indifferent to that day, it will be a sure sign that the love of human liberty has faded out of their hearts. The United States of America were introduced into the family of nations by a baptism of blood shed as testimony to the truth of principles as eternal as the universe itself, and that lie at the basis of all that is best and noblest in human society. Just in proportion as our citizens understand and appreciate these principles, and learn to practice them in private life and in the administration of their government, will the country become virtuous, wise and strong, impregnable to foes from without and within.

It is quite the fashion now with a certain class of Americans, worshipers of wealth and aristocracy, to speak of the Declaration of Independence in terms of affected contempt, as an embodiment of "glistening generalities," very fine as rhetoric, but still fanatical and false. "All men created equal!" they exclaim, with a sneer, crediting themselves with a discernment which puts the fathers of the Republic to shame. "No two persons," say they, "are equal. One man is a genius, another is a shallow-pate; one is born to

wealth, another to poverty; one is meant for distinction, another for obscurity;" and so on to the end of the chapter. As if Jefferson and his associates had been such fools as to assert human equality in these and other similar particulars! These men seem not to be aware that the doctrine of equality, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, pertains not to external conditions, but to primordial rights. It is not that all men are created equal in respect of talent, but that each one has a right equal to that of every other to make the most of such talent as he has, whether much or little. It is not that one may not be poor while another is rich, but that the rich and the poor have an equal right to acquire property by the use of such powers as they possess, no one being hindered by another.

And this brings us to the questions which we are forced to consider at the present time. Their solution, we may be sure, will not be promoted by any departure from the principles of the Declaration of Independence, but by a conscientious and careful observance of them. The fathers built well and wisely, better even than they knew. We have but to follow the lights they left for our guidance in order to deal justly and successfully with the confusing and perplexing issues of the hour.

WOMEN GAMBLERS.

THE woman who cultivates trainers and jockeys, who spends her time in following the performances of racehorses and the odds laid on or against them, who haunts racecourses and bets whenever she gets a chance, is not a pleasing example of womanhood, and yet she is a type of an unfortunately large class, especially in New York. Those who follow the races year by year must have been struck by the increase in the number of women who bet. There was a time when the woman who bet upon horseraces was so rare as to be almost non-existent, but now the visitor to Jerome Park or Sheepshead Bay finds women eagerly occupied in buying pool tickets, with the aid of "touts" or messenger-boys, without any concealment. These are not members of the *demi-monde*, but women supposed to be at least respectable. Formerly, a modest bet of a pair of gloves was considered rather a daring thing. Now, the female gambler, who has collected all the stable gossip possible, coolly sinks a few hundreds in her bets, and although she may show more excitement over the result than the veteran "sport," she has the gambling instinct just as strongly developed.

Some of the results of this infatuation have been noted from time to time in the daily Press. A Brooklyn woman, led away by this fashion, appropriated money which her husband needed, resorted to falsehood to conceal her theft, and was discovered, and thus the happiness of a home was wrecked. Other women have involved their relatives in serious embarrassment, and have placed themselves under obligations to persons with whom they should have had no relations whatever. Aside from the obvious pecuniary troubles, which are really the least important, there is the demoralization resulting from the associations, modes of thought, and devotion to chance, and the deceit which in one form or another is inevitable. And all women suffer from the misdoings of the few. When a woman shows plainly and publicly that she is carried away by the excitement of gambling, when this is an evident passion, and she allows herself to be indirectly or directly made the associate of sharpers, all illusions as to the refinement, modesty and purity of womanhood vanish. We turn instinctively from the spectacle of a red-faced, noisy she gambler. There can be, of course, no official restraint of the evil, but we think that if the women gamblers at Sheepshead Bay and other racecourses could see themselves as others see them, they would forswear their dangerous, demoralizing pastime.

MAYOR WHITNEY of Brooklyn has come to the sapient conclusion that public opinion is not decided enough to warrant his appointment of women on the School Board. With all due deference to His Honor, this is undiluted nonsense. Brooklyn public opinion has expressed itself strongly in a mass meeting and the petitions of reputable citizens. Moreover, as a mere question of right and justice such appointments should be made. Their wisdom has been amply justified by experience. "Public opinion" in this case probably means the "pull" of politicians.

THE strike of the bricklayers in Chicago has ended in total failure, and the men are eagerly seeking work on the old terms. It is estimated that since the beginning of the strike, which was initiated by the carpenters early in April, and was taken up by the hodcarriers and bricklayers when practically dead, nearly \$2,600,000 has been lost in wages by Chicago workmen alone. It is impossible to even guess at the amount of capital which has been diverted from the city—some of it temporarily, some permanently—by this strike, but it will run up into the millions. It has been the most disastrous strike ever known in that city of labor disturbances.

THE Cambridge (England) University examinations have resulted in an extraordinary triumph of feminine intellect. Miss Ramsay, of Girton, the Cambridge Annex, is the only person, male or female, who has reached the dignity of senior classic. The only person placed in the first class in the mediæval modern languages examination is Miss Hervey, of Newnham. Two other ladies, Miss Pocock and Miss Powell, have reached the first class in the second part of the examinations. It therefore appears that the young ladies have beaten the masculine students on their own ground. One swallow doesn't make a Summer; but this, although a remarkable instance, is by no means the only demonstration of woman's ability to enter into intellectual competition with man.

In April last the President asked the opinion of the Attorney-general as to the power of the Government to return to the heirs of General Robert E. Lee certain reliques held by the National Museum. The Attorney-general, in his reply, suggested that the ultimate disposition of these reliques was a matter which belonged exclusively to Congress, and recommended, therefore, that the President decline to take any action. It will be seen that this case touched the very point involved in the controversy over the Confederate flags, and it is difficult to understand how, with this opinion of the Attorney-general before him, it was possible for any officer of the Government to go astray, as was done in the order directing that those flags be returned.

THE greatest success of the Victoria Jubilee has been, not the procession, grand as it was, but Buffalo Bill's royal flush against the four kings—of Belgium, Saxony, Denmark and Greece; and it is beyond a doubt that for many of her loyal Londoners, as well as for her royal and princely visitors, the liveliest association with the year 1887 will be the advent of the Wild West Show. There is something immensely funny in the report of the private exhibition before the kings and princes: the ride on the Deadwood coach, the swoop of the Indians, the rescue by the cowboys, the inspection of

the performers and their weapons, and the delight of the great people at shaking hands with a naked little Indian, five years old. Kings actual and possible as they were, did it cross the mind of any one among them that they are themselves a permanent exhibition of Old World posturings and gymnastics, not so exciting nor so graceful as those of the West, and infinitely more costly? Useless alike to advancing civilization, they are both doomed and passing away, and their meeting together in a game of high jinks has its solemn as well as its amusing side, and in this, as in every side-show, there is a moral not far to seek.

MAYOR HEWITT's common sense appears again in his belief that fireworks are not essential to patriotism. He has vetoed the resolution of the Aldermen allowing the discharge of cannon, fireworks, etc., within the city limits from June 10th to July 10th, and he doesn't think that "the most ardent patriot imagines that the principles of free government are made more precious to the people by exposing the city to the risk of conflagration." It is perfectly true that the adoption of the resolution would be chiefly appreciated by small boys delighting in noise for the sake of noise. This kind of "celebration" has nothing to do with the expression of patriotic feeling, and it is a danger to invalids, and a curse to all unfortunate enough to be in the city, while it is a source of constant danger. The Aldermen may pass the resolution over the veto, with the result of a distressing uproar in every street and a number of fires, but if they shall do so, it will only be another proof of the unfitness of the average municipal legislator for the position he fills.

THE money expended directly and indirectly in summoning over 2,000 talesmen for the Sharp jury will have been well expended if the consequent revelation of physical and mental unfitness leads to a reform in the methods of the Commissioner of Juries. Last Fall, Recorder Smyth had occasion to rebuke Mr. Reilly on account of the worthlessness of most of the talesmen whom he had selected. Judge Barrett has been obliged to instruct the Commissioner in his duties. Now Mayor Hewitt has taken the matter up, and has written characteristic letters to the President of the Bar Association and to the various judges, calling attention to the wretched material furnished by Commissioner Reilly. The office of the latter official costs the city \$18,000 a year directly, and the taxpayers are not only without adequate return, but they are made to bear additional expenses owing to the mismanagement of the jury system. Mayor Hewitt's letters should stir up a searching examination. Perhaps this will show why the Commissioner, among 230,000 voters, fails to find men who are competent to sit in a jury box.

IT is settled that Dr. McGlynn will not go to Rome. He has engagements which will keep him employed beyond the date fixed for his appearance at that capital, and there is no indication that he proposes to abandon, then or afterwards, the position he has taken. He has explicitly denied "the right of Bishop, Propaganda or Pope to summon him to Rome under the circumstances, or to censure him for his acts as a man and an American citizen, or for his published opinions on political economy and political questions—unless they could show that his utterances were contrary to the Christian religion," and this, he contends, they have not shown. Of course, it does not follow that Dr. McGlynn's contumacy will be punished by excommunication in the severe form formerly employed: that censure has practically ceased to exist; but he will no doubt be deprived of priestly functions and permitted to drop out of sight and recognition. What a pity that he has not directed his real abilities and his vigorous enthusiasm towards higher and worthier ends than those contemplated by the mad "crusade" in which he has wasted opportunities exceptionally great.

THE commencement season at Princeton College has witnessed an important step forward. The college has adopted a plan for conferring degrees upon non-resident students. The old policy at our colleges has been that a candidate for any but honorary degrees must actually have resided most of the time during his study within the jurisdiction of the college, and have passed the regular collegiate courses. The new plan allows him a wider liberty of action, and as we understand it, permits him both to reside and to study elsewhere if such a course seems profitable, his degree being conditional upon his passage of the examinations. This is the university idea as applied in Germany, and it involves more liberality than at Cambridge and Oxford, where residence is required. Again, the Board of Trustees have decided upon the establishment of graduate classes—an excellent idea. Johns Hopkins University has really been intended to supply the want of post-graduate instruction which has been felt at most of our colleges. Harvard, however, in which the university idea has been developed earlier and carried further than in any other college, long since made provision for post-graduate courses. A committee of the Princeton Trustees and Faculty will also rearrange and increase the elective studies, those of the undergraduates being grouped, and the others arranged accordingly, so that the announcement is to be made that Princeton has university courses leading to special degrees. All this broadening of the college's scope, and the greater freedom allowed the students, are signs of educational evolution which are most encouraging.

THE French have faithfully carried out the terms of their treaty with the Hovas, now the dominant native power in Madagascar. Tamatave was given up early in the Spring, the Ninth Article of the treaty having stipulated that the town should be held by the French until the war indemnity was paid. Now that point has been given up, the French are taking great pains to strengthen themselves in the northern part of the island (the country of the Sakalavas, who defeat the Hovas), with the magnificent Bay of Diego Suarez, one of the finest in the world, for their base; and their hold upon the great island is now firmer, because it can be more easily maintained, than ever before. The foreign relations of the Hova Kingdom are, by the terms of the treaty, under French control, and, in spite of Colonel Digby Willoughby, they are likely to remain so, apart from European events and complications. The struggle between the English influence and the French will still go on in the schools; the English and Norwegian missionaries working for the advantage of England, and the Roman Catholic missionaries, who are stronger with the people, for that of France. The Europeans will, of course, organize and direct the industries of the natives, little by little, with the aid of the comparatively small surplus of population to be furnished by the neighboring colonies of Réunion and Mauritius; and the French are making great efforts to keep the commercial as well as the political control. The island is certainly worth the trouble. It is 1,000 miles long, with an average breadth of 240 miles; and it produces all the fruits, gums and spices of the tropics, and many of the European plants and fruits; and it is rich in iron, copper, plumbago, rock salt, nitre, coal and sulphur. The number and variety of the native hard woods is very great. The necessity of this commanding post in the Indian Ocean is so clear to all parties in France, that the advantage now acquired will be maintained at any cost.

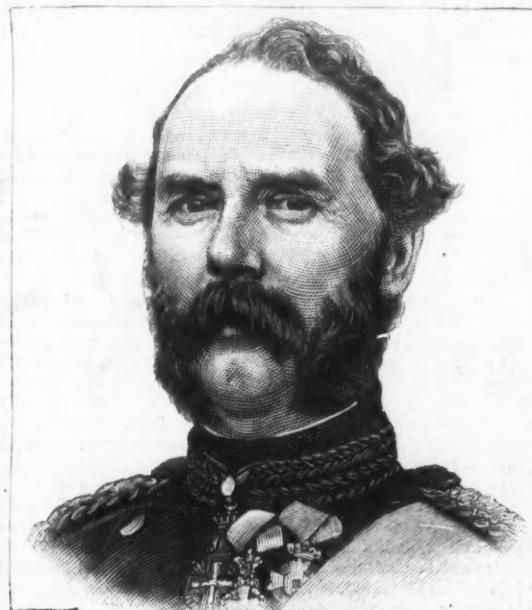
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 323.



George I., King of the Hellenes.



Leopold II., King of the Belgians.



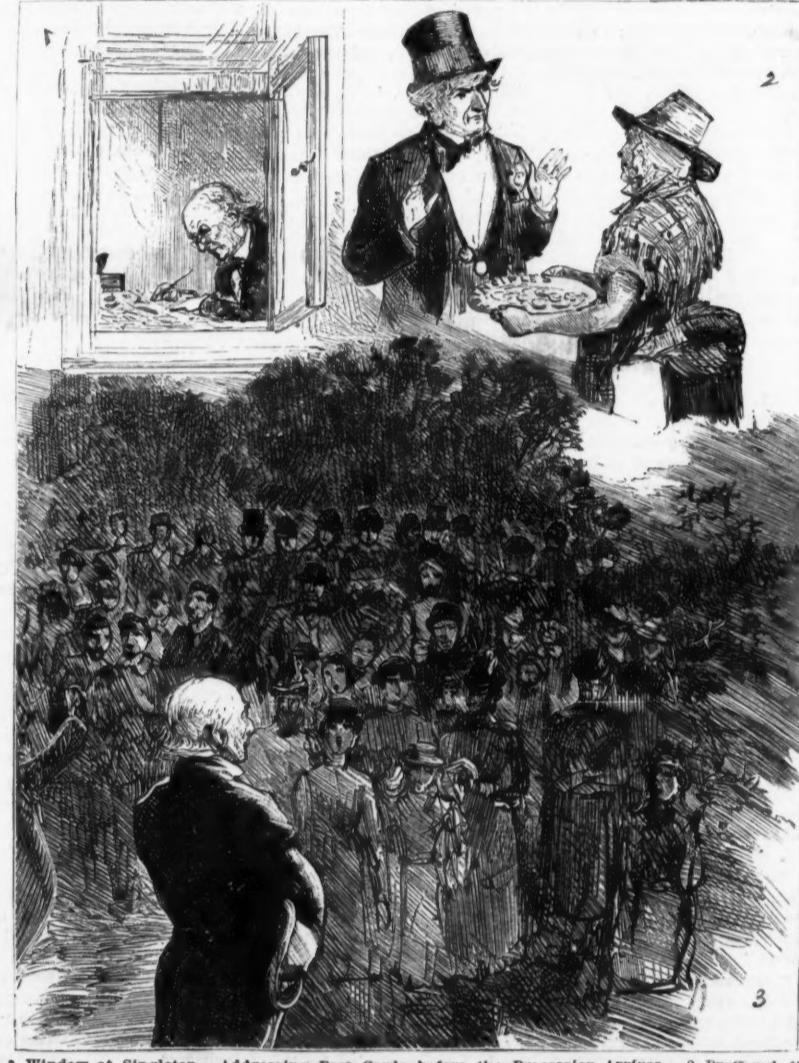
Christian IX., King of Denmark.

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS WHO ATTENDED QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.



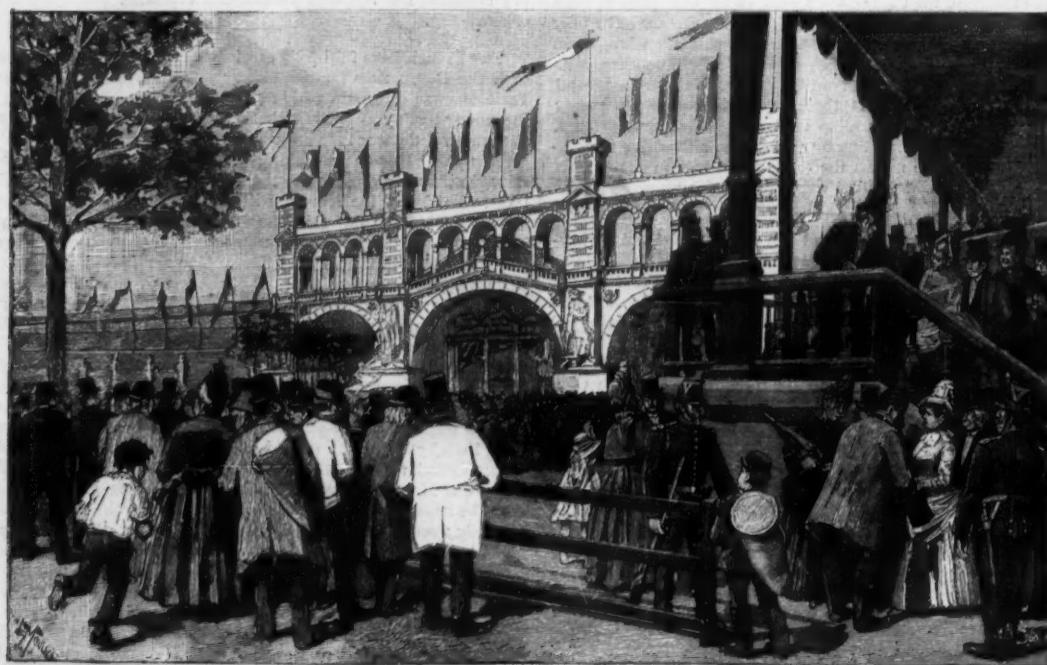
ENGLAND.—THE HISTORIC CORONATION CHAIR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SEE NEXT PAGE.



1. A Window at Singleton — Addressing Post Cards before the Procession Arrives. 2. Proffered Hospitality by a Mumbles Oyster-woman. 3. Mr. Gladstone Listens to the Welsh Hymn (sung by the Tynewydd Miners when Entombed), "Yn y Dyfroedd mawr a'r Tonau."

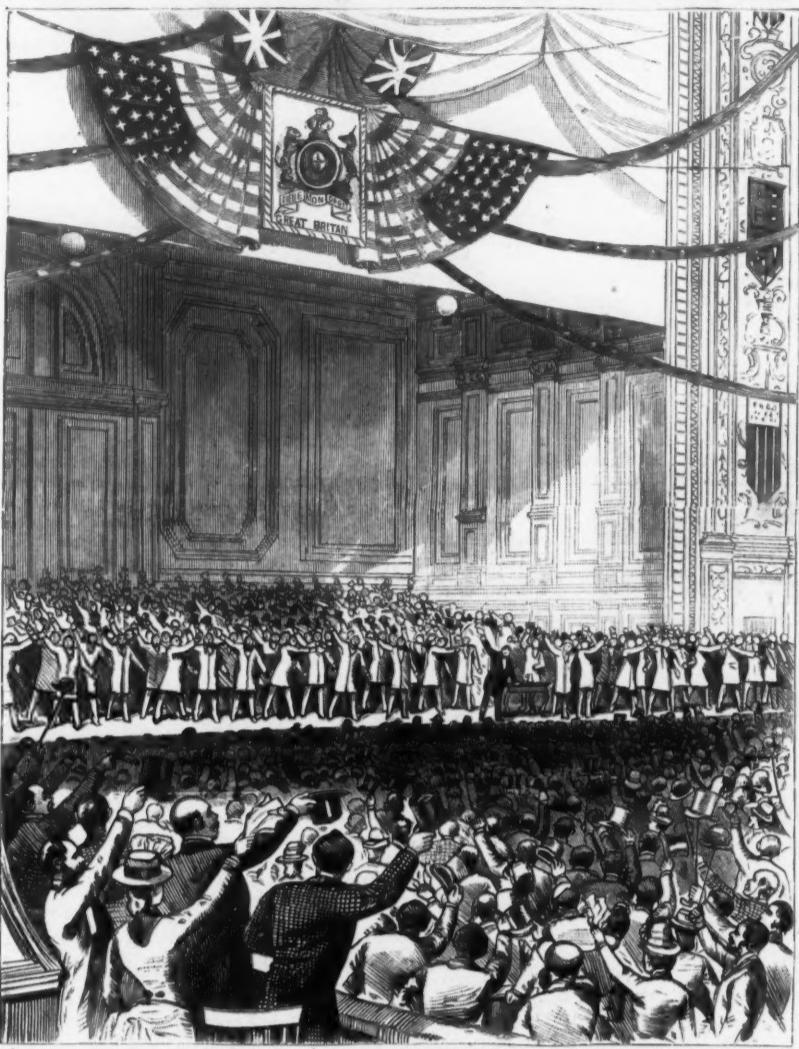
WALES.—MR. GLADSTONE'S RECENT VISIT.



FRANCE.—THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL RAILWAY EXPOSITION, AT VINCENNES.



FRANCE.—GENERAL FERRON, MINISTER OF WAR.



NEW YORK CITY.—CELEBRATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE BY BRITISH RESIDENTS, AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, JUNE 21ST—CHEERING FOR THE QUEEN.

1837-1887.

THE VICTORIAN JUBILEE.

THE fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne of England was celebrated last week with a success that more than fulfilled all anticipations regarding it, and with a magnificence unparalleled in the kingdom's annals. The historic pageants of Elizabeth were far outdone in the procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. No Oriental monarch was ever surrounded by such an assemblage of Kings, Princes, Peers, and high dignitaries of all classes and all nations, as gathered at the impressive thanksgiving ceremony in the grand old minster. Nothing marred the glory of the occasion, or the happiness of the gracious sovereign who thus triumphantly completed a half-century's reign.

When, on Monday, the Queen and Court removed from Windsor to London, everything was

ready for the culminating events of the following day. Tuesday dawned, bright, clear and breezy. The sunrise lit up miles of streets hung with masses of crimson and gold. Glittering troops of horsemen and soldiery were already on the move, and countless multitudes of people thronged the thoroughfares converging towards the route of the procession, which was as follows: From the palace portals along Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, East Cockspur Street, Northumberland Avenue, Thames Embankment, Bridge Street, to the Abbey. The line of route was kept by nearly 10,000 troops, representing all branches of the service, and in addition 600 boys from naval training-ships were drawn up at the base of the Nelson Monument. The crowds which packed and overflowed every available space within seeing or hearing distance of the gorgeous line numbered in the aggregate not less than a million people. By eight o'clock the crush was so great that no one could penetrate

or move about in it; and late comers, who had paid fabulous sums for places in windows and balconies, found it impossible to approach them. At Westminster Abbey was the most brilliant scene of all. Every seat was filled with some distinguished person. It seemed as if every locality the world over had sent one or more of its representative personages to do honor to the Queen on Britain's greatest holiday. There never probably in modern times assembled under one roof an audience so well and so brilliantly arrayed. Every man present entitled to wear uniform or decoration displayed both at their brightest. When the sun shone brightly through the noble stained windows of the Abbey, the picture was indescribable. The long spaces between the Abbey pillars glowed with the iridescence of many rainbows. Court officials who had seen both, declared that the spectacle far exceeded that of the coronation, fifty years ago. Among the notables that could be seen from the Press gallery were the Marquis of

Salisbury, wearing the Order of the Garter; Lord Cranbrook, Lord Alcester, Lord Ashbourne, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Gladstone, in court uniform, with Mrs. Gladstone; Mr. James Russell Lowell, and Mr. Blaine. In the gallery overlooking the dais Queen Kapiolani and Princess Liliuokalani, in rich golden robes, were seated in the sacarium, just under the stream of crimson rays falling through the windows.

Within the Abbey and without, everybody good-naturedly awaited the royal procession and entry. The pageant began to move a little before eleven o'clock. The first of the royal procession was composed of the Indian Princes and a few minor German Princes; the second, of fifteen carriages, the occupants being the King of Denmark, the King of the Belgians, the King of Saxony, the King of the Hellenes, the Crown Prince of Austria, the Crown Prince of Portugal, the Queen of the Belgians, the Crown Prince of Greece, Prince George of Greece, the Crown Princess of Austria, and the



NEW YORK CITY.—IRISH DEMONSTRATION AT COOPER INSTITUTE, JUNE 21ST, IN CONDEMNATION OF "FIFTY YEARS OF VICTORIA'S MISRULE."



1. Major F. R. Shattuck. 2. Major G. G. Davis. 3. Colonel A. J. Morrison. 4. Captain P. B. Boehm. 5. Colonel P. L. Goddard. 6. General L. Fairchild. 7. Surgeon Beagles. 8. General G. H. Lawrence. 9. General J. P. Taylor. 10. Colonel Corliss. 11. General Wm. Wells. 12. Major J. A. Penfield. 13. Colonel J. A. Richardson. 14. J. J. Murphy. 15. Colonel Floyd Clarkson. 16. Lieutenant Dorney Clagett. 17. Sergeant Blackwells.

NEW YORK.—GENERAL LUCIUS FAIRCHILD AND GROUP OF VETERAN CAVALRY OFFICERS, MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF CAVALRYMEN, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, FROM A PHOTO. BY H. G. BROWN, OF SARATOGA.—SEE PAGE 330.

Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. These royalties were well received by the people. Next came the royal cortège proper. Leading in the journey to the Abbey were the Life Guards. Then followed the aides-de-camp and the royal equerries. After these rode the staff of the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, and a number of state officials occupying five carriages. A body of Life Guards rode behind these carriages. The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Margaret of Prussia, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, Princesses Victoria and Sophia of Prussia, Princess Louise of Battenberg, Princess Irene of Hesse, Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, Princesses Maude, Victoria and Louise of Wales, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, Princess William of Prussia, the Duchess of Albany, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise and Princess Christian occupied five carriages behind the second body of Life Guards. The Master of the Horse rode after the Princesses and immediately preceded the carriage of the Queen.

Punctually at 11½ A.M. the Queen, in an open carriage, emerged from the palace gates. At sight of her thousands of voices were lifted up in cheers, the applause being accompanied by the music of many military bands. The eight horses that drew Her Majesty's carriage were cream-colored, perfectly matched. The Queen rode facing the horses and sat alone. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria, the Queen's oldest child and wife of the Crown Prince of Germany, occupied the other seat in the carriage. The Princess who rode as escort to the carriage went in the following order, three abreast: The Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Prince William of Prussia; Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince George of Wales and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse; the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Louis of Battenberg; Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Crown Prince of Germany, and the Grand Duke of Hesse. Two abreast: Prince Henry of Battenberg and the Marquis of Lorne; the Duke of Connaught and the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Edinburgh rode alone. This escort, composed as it was entirely of the sons, sons-in-law and grandsons of the Queen, all brilliantly uniformed and riding magnificent horses, elegantly caparisoned, presented a splendid spectacle. The enthusiasm of the people appeared absolutely boundless. The Queen was manifestly delighted, and her face wore a constant smile. Over her black costume the Queen wore a white lace gown. Her bonnet was of white netting or lace with an inwrought coronet of diamonds. The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, rode close to the Queen all along the journey both ways. The procession was closed by parties of Life Guards and Indian troops.

Westminster Abbey, when the Queen arrived there, was fairly ablaze with magnificence. On the right of the royal dais, the Lord Chancellor, in his magnificent robes of state and flowing wig, a mass of velvet and ermine, was seated. Behind him sat 500 peers of the realm and their peeresses, attired in their costumes of rich velvet and sumptuous silks. Behind these sat the Lord Lieutenant, heavy with their robes and insignia of office, and the diplomats, whose bosoms were covered with decorations. On the left, facing the Lord Chancellor, was the Speaker of the House of Commons, also wearing his robes of office, with the golden mace before him. Behind him were the Members of the House of Commons and their wives, all richly arrayed for the occasion. The galleries, which reach up to the lofty apse, were crowded with a black mass of clergymen. Down the nave the eye was greeted with a bright array of military and naval uniforms. Conspicuous among even all this brilliance were the dazzling Oriental costumes of the Indian Rajahs, sparkling with precious stones.

The royal procession into the Abbey began by the entrance of the seventeen Princes mentioned, who took places to the right of the throne. Then came the Queen, who now wore a little crown and a lace veil, and walked in stately fashion. Across her breast she wore the broad blue ribbon of the Garter. The only other decoration she wore was that of the Order of Coburg-Gotha. At her approach four trumpeters in golden tabards, standing in the organ-loft, started the echoes with a brassy fanfare, and the great Abbey organ pealed "God Save the Queen." Twenty Princesses followed, two by two, and took seats to the left of the throne. The ancient Coronation Chair of Edward the Confessor was draped with the robes of sovereignty. The Queen did not immediately don these, but simply sat down among them. Here she sat motionless during the forty-five minutes of the service, which was mostly choral, with instrumental aids. After the Lord's Prayer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, stepping to the front of the communion table, read the three special prayers prepared for the occasion. The Psalm chosen was the Twentieth, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble," The Dean of Westminster next read the lesson for the day (First Peter, chapter ii). Then followed the anthem, "Blessed be the Lord thy God, who hath delighted in thee," written especially for the Jubilee. In the middle of the anthem was inserted, by request of the Queen, the chorale "Gotha," composed by Prince Albert. The remainder of the service was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The final organ solo was prolonged to enable the congregation to join in the prayer. Before the cessation of the strains the ceremony ended.

At the conclusion came the most interesting feature of the day. The Queen rose, and at that moment the seventeen Princes at her right also rose and, one by one, came to her, knelt at her feet, and kissed her hand. She raised each from his knees and affectionately kissed him on the cheek. Then the Princesses came from the left, and the same performance was repeated. These embraces closed the performance. Everybody rose; the Queen, escorted by the Lord Chamberlain, passed out after the Princes, and the ceremony was at an end. The return to Buckingham Palace, via Whitehall, was made amid a prolonged and unbroken succession of popular acclamations, the Queen responding by bowing to the right and left. The Queen bore her journey well, and was seen soon after returning laughing and throwing kisses to the royal children, who were upon the main balcony of the palace.

In the evening a reception and banquet were given at the palace, the guests being limited to members of royal families and diplomats. The splendid Jubilee illuminations were witnessed by immense crowds. At 10 P.M. beacon fires were lighted simultaneously on all the principal peaks of Great Britain, from Cornwall to the remotest part of Caithness, forming a connected chain of signals over the whole country.

The day was celebrated, in one way or another, in almost every town in the kingdom, as well as in most of the European capitals. In Ireland, the observances were not all of a peaceful character. In Cork, a fight occurred between the Loyalists and Nationalists during the military review held in honor of the Queen's Jubilee. In several towns the Nationalists hoisted black flags, but the police tore them down.

The principal features of the remainder of the Jubilee week were: On Wednesday, reception of congratulations at the palace; visit of the Queen to the children's fete in Hyde Park; return of the Court to Windsor; the Queen received addresses and gifts. The gifts included the women's fund of £75,000, subscribed to erect in Windsor a replica of the famous Glasgow equestrian statue of the Prince Consort. On Thursday, reception of further congratulations; review of 200 volunteer fire brigades in Windsor Park; visit to a feast of 7,000 children on the north terrace of the Castle; a dinner party. On Friday, investiture of Orders, etc.

CELEBRATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

There was a special religious service at Trinity Church, New York, on Sunday, the 19th inst., in honor of Queen Victoria. On Tuesday, secular Jubilee exercises were held at the Metropolitan Opera House, and attracted a large attendance of British and Canadian residents of New York. An orchestra and chorus under the direction of Frank Damrosch furnished appropriate music. Addresses were made by Mayor Hewitt, Erastus Wiman, President of the Canadian Club, and others; and Robert C. Winthrop's ode to Queen Victoria was read. President H.W.O. Edye, of the St. George's Society, read an address of congratulation to the Queen, purporting to have emanated from "the British, Irish, Canadian, and other residents of New York." As to the insertion of the word "Irish" in this document, sufficient comment may be found in the fact, simultaneously with the exercises at the Metropolitan Opera House, a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated at the Church of the Holy Innocents "for the repose of the souls of the million and a half persons who have perished in her kingdom from hunger and eviction during the fifty years of Queen Victoria's reign."

In the evening, the great Cooper Union Hall was packed with Irish men and women, holding a "memorial demonstration to commemorate the dead of the Irish race who have perished on the scaffold and in the dungeon, and by famine and eviction, during the fifty years of Victoria's misrule." The walls were draped in black, and the following record was displayed over the platform:

Died of famine.....	1,500,000
Evicted.....	3,668,000
Expatiated.....	4,200,000
Emigrants who died of ship fever.....	57,000
Imprisoned under Coercion Acts, over.....	3,000
Butchered in suppressing public meetings.....	300
Coercion Acts.....	53
Executed for resisting tyranny.....	75
Died in English dungeons.....	27

Speeches were delivered by Captain Edward O'Meagher Condon, chairman of the meeting; David Healy, Dr. Wallace, John W. Goff, and others. Mr. Buckley recited "Memories of the Dead," a poem telling of the Revolution of '98; and a parody on the ode to Queen Victoria read at the Metropolitan Opera House was read by Arthur M. Forrester.

In Washington a Jubilee banquet was given by the British Minister at the British Legation. In Boston the English and Scotch Societies engaged Faneuil Hall, and held their Jubilee banquet there on Tuesday evening. This caused some commotion, and Dock Square and the approach to Faneuil Hall were densely packed with people evidently inclined towards hostile demonstrations. Orders were given to the police to drive the crowd back and rope off the streets. This was done, but not without some vigorous clubbing. Aside from the shouting and confusion incident to every large crowd, there was no disturbance.

ANSWERED.

WHAT words I said I know not,
Of pleading or of blame:
My veins were filled with fire,

And my heart seemed all afame;
Your eyes were wide and wistful,
Though in scorn you turned to go,
And the moonlight in that instant
Grew as cold as Winter snow.

The throbbing strains of music
Swept out in a mellow gust;
What cared the merry dancers
If a hope was crushed to dust?
If a man had seen the sunshine
Turn to blackness in his sky,
And found his life-dream shattered
By a woman's brief reply?

Just a word—that, coldly spoken,
Mocked my tortured heart—but yet,
Was there something like a shadow,
Half of doubt, and half regret
In your face? Was some true feeling
In your bosom faintly stirred?
When you answered "No" so calmly,
Did your heart belie the word?

Does it matter? would I have it,
Such unsatisfying dole,
When no words could change your answer
And no pleading reach your soul—
When I cast my heart before you,
And your coldly spoken "No"
Made the placid Summer moonlight
Colder than the Winter snow?

HATTIE WHITNEY.

LAUREL CAMP, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"OH, boys, how I wish I were going with you!" and dainty Bess Fleming perched herself disconsolately on the arm of the lounge in what her brothers called their "boudoir," and gazed with big, wistful gray eyes on the animated scene before her.

The festive preparations are indeed almost enough to make one wish one had been born a boy. Floor, chairs and table are covered with a choice but varied collection of hunting-boots, fishing-tackle, entomologists' paraphernalia of waxen-headed pins, chloroform bottles, and butterfly nets; favorite authors, hammocks, and other

evidences of a coming "right royal good time." The masculine occupants of the room were all so very deeply engrossed, that their envious sister's plaintive wish fell on almost unheeding ears.

Hal muttered: "W-wish you could! C-e-confound you!" addressing one section of his remark to his sister and the other to his fishing-rod, which absolutely refused to unjoint. Tom gazed at her through the microscope-glass he was polishing, with an eye enormously enlarged thereby, and smiled in conscious masculine superiority: and only good-natured Steenie paused in his struggles with his knapsack (which seemingly declined to accommodate his blanket, a work on anatomy, a gossamer coat and a dismembered gun) sufficiently long to say with genuine brotherly goodwill:

"And you should go in a minute, Poppy—it would be worth ten seaside seasons to you—if it were not for Val Graham."

"Val Graham! who is he? Let him stay at home, then. To make coffee in a dear little kettle swung on three sticks, to sleep in a hammock, and be out-doors all Summer!" cries Miss Fleming, enthusiastically. "Oh, I will go! What's the matter with Mr. Graham? Is he one of your fossilized professors who would petrify a simple maiden? I don't care what he is, you need not imagine I would find time even to look at him. I" (magnanimously) "won't mind him a bit."

"But, b-b-bless you, my child," ejaculated Hal, energetically, "it's not a question of whether you would mind Val. The boot is on the other leg. It's Val would mind you. There's some romantic story about his being brought up by an uncle who had been cruelly treated by some lovely flirt. Youthful affections trampled on, and all that kind of thing. Takes to the life of a hermit, and educates the ingenuous Valentine to regard with horror the whole female sex. Chooses Yale College for him because they believe not in co-education in their classic halls. And I have heard that he dodges under the bed and leaves his unprotected chum to face in his behalf the washerwoman with his cuffs and—"

"That will do," interrupts Bess, indignantly; "I quite see that you don't want me to go. You need not strain your imagination for any more excuses."

"My dear child, you do my imagination honor. It sounds too absurd, of course, and quite like a thrilling romance, but it is the truth I'm telling you. Val would sooner face a 'venomous wiper' than a woman, and I am confident that, if he suspected we meditated such treason as the introduction of the dreaded element, he would flee to the uttermost parts of the earth rather than go with us; and he is the prime suggester of the camping scheme, too! Lastly, and finally, how could such a luxurious little lady rough it with a lot of boys among the jungles of New York State? It's impossible."

"Oh, you can say *impossible*; but I could go, and you would take me, if it were not for that odious creature! How I hate him!" cries Bess, stormily.

"Elizabeth T-T-Thomas!" stammers Hal, reprovingly. "C-calm yourself. P-p-peace, p-peace. Orestes-like I breathe this p-p-prayer."

"A letter for you, Mr. Stephen," and the dignified butler steps solemnly over the *débris*, and looks with stern disapproval at the disordered room.

"From Val himself, is it not, Steenie?" asked Tom.

"Yes. Too bad, he can't go, after all—attack of malarial fever—knows you will have a jolly time."

"Almost desperate when I think of your starting without me," reads Steenie, disjointedly.

"Now I am going!" and Bess starts up impetuously.

"How can you?"
"You'll see. I'll take Martha to take care of me, and—"

"Bless my boots! g-r-racious!" from Hal.

"Can you really?" from all three in chorus.

"Can't I? I'll be ready in an hour, Martha and her budgets included. Steenie, you are the only perfect gentleman in the room, and I would gratefully suggest that, when you unstrap that knapsack in your happy hunting-ground, you may miss the barrel of your gun if you don't fish it out from under the table and take it along;" and Bess vanished like a small whirlwind, leaving the trio too much astonished to do aught but stare at each other in silence.

Did she accomplish it? Of course; what other result was possible to so much energy and spirit? By the time the others had finished their remarkable masculine packing, Bess, bubbling over with merry anticipation, was soothing the dazed Martha, who was vibrating between a feeling of giddy delight at what seemed to her a mad escapade and gloomy presentiments of inevitable rheumatism.

* * * * *

The scene shifts to the wilds of the Empire State and a camp established in their depths. This is no mere fashionable tabernacle in the wilderness, but a real camp, with amateur cooks, with spicy hemlock beds, and with a smoke-blackened-kettle swinging over a snapping fire, the smoke of which curls lazily upwards, making misty the delicate tracery of the waving trees against the soft Summer sky, and hammocks swinging like huge cocoons between the trees, inviting to drowsy repose. Close around the little clearing crowd the rhododendrons, reflecting the sunshine in sparkles from their shining leaves, and bearing proudly their bunches of many-tinted blooms, from the pallid, *blanc* cluster a week old to the rosy baby bloom just open to the light.

A few yards away an unseen mountain brook tumbles its ice cold-water into the rocky river, and the two sing together in low monotone, telling of fern-fringed pools and gliding trout. Through archways cut in the glossy laurel thicket can be seen the paths that the feet of the straying campers have already worn to the woodland haunts beyond.

But the glory of the camp is the structure variously known as the "house," shanty," or "Laurel Lodge." Built against a little knoll, its supports living trees, its roof of slabs (which the busy little river obligingly strews along its banks from lumber regions further north) slopes almost to the ground at the back. Its sides are a thickly woven mat of hemlock boughs, held in place by horizontal boards. On the upper of these is a spirited frieze representing the campers in charcoal silhouettes. The difficulties attending the production of this unique work of art (by Hal as the special artist) were such, that he succeeded in giving even more of a gothic style to Martha's proud form than belonged to it naturally. The facade of the building presents a portal of magnificent proportions from which the *porte* of gorgeous quilt (early English) is looped aside, disclosing a floor of slabs, the knapsacks and stores and odorous regions beyond. The dining-room is a leafy roof under which table is made with the smooth side of the ubiquitous slab uppermost, the supports being trees sawed off at the needed height. Along the sides of the table seats are arranged, and occupying these seats just at present, the campers, finishing their noonday meal and discussing with absorbing interest plans for securing a great store of logs and planks which Steenie had discovered in a bend of the river, wedged in among the rocks. To raft them down and bring them in, to add to the large pile already drying a few feet from the fire (protected by sloping slabs) against the proverbial rainy day, would be an afternoon's work for the boys. Careful Martha, pail in hand, has started for the blackberry patch, a few rods away.

Left to her own sweet company, Miss Fleming proceeded to enjoy herself in her own way. With an armful of books within reach, she ensconced herself in her own particular hammock, with Czar (who was evidently overburdened with a sense of his responsibility in this unusual state of affairs), very wide awake, lying on the ground at her side.

Dipping here and there, now into one book, then into another, and varying the monotony by occasionally slipping out to replenish the fire, she finally became enamored of "Hiawatha," and read it steadily to the end. Folding her idle hands under her fanciful little head, she was soon lost in a waking dream, in a repose that was almost sleep. The lofty trees were the forest primeval, the "lodge" a wigwam, and she herself a dusky maiden awaiting the return of the stately red-skinned warriors from the chase.

She was roused from her reverie by a low growl from the watchful Czar; in the one moment she heard a crackling of twigs, and the next saw, with startled eyes, a masculine figure emerge from one of the side paths, and heard a surprised "I beg your pardon, madam, but I have been wandering in this inferno—this beastly laurel thicket the greater part of this day. Can you direct me to the—"

By this time, Bess, fully awakened, had decided with womanly intuition that the intruder was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, and noting the weariness in the quiet words and the steady brown eyes, she rose quickly, with hospitable purpose intent; but with her thoughts still tinged with "Hiawatha," she said, whimsically:

"If the pale-faced stranger tarry by this campfire until the warriors return, they will guide him through the forest to the wigwam he seeks."

"I think I will not trouble you—" began the other, uneasily; but the brave daughter of the forest, made as usual more determined by opposition, said, firmly:

"But the child of the bald-headed eagle will be obeyed," and, seconded by Czar, who was plainly divided between the conflicting desire to swear eternal friendship to the newcomer or to spring upon him with fell intent, she motioned him to the hammock she had just left.

Bess watched him with puzzled eyes as he flung himself upon her cushions. Seeing the pallor about the firm mouth that told of physical suffering, an inspiration, born of her experience as the sister of three brothers, came to the rescue, and with hopeful face she said, "Watch him, Czar," and moved quickly away.

In a few minutes the fragrant odor of coffee was wafted to the straggler with such reviving effect that he opened widely his nearly closed eyes and gazed with deep interest on the busy figure at the fire before him. Aside from her occupation, so pleasing to the manly contemplation, the figure itself was well worth study. The slim, lithe young form was clothed in a dark-green flannel, without fur-bellows or snarls of any kind to perplex the eye. The rebellious dark hair hung in a heavy braid behind, and escaped in wavy locks on the smooth forehead. The fire had flushed the sweet face that was brooding with such an absorbed expression over the coffee-pot.

In a second more the coffee-pot was steaming on a hot stone by the fire, and Miss Fleming disappeared in the direction of the murmuring river, to reappear with some bright little tin pails dripping with cool water. From one of these some trout were soon gayly sputtering over the fire; then from a mysterious chest appeared fresh bread, and from other pails golden butter, cream and blackberries, and our traveler was soon partaking of a most appetizing little repast, under which reviving influence he forgot the embarrassment that had nearly consumed him. Soon a responsive chord was struck in two nature-loving hearts, and they were chatting like old friends. Bess produced a curious bug that had puzzled her natural history, and the brown hair and the dark bent over it. At this thrilling moment the raftsmen, each with an armful of planks, arrived on the scene. The biologists turn.

"Boys, this gentleman—" began Bess.

"Val Graham!" exclaimed the three, in startled chorus.

confirmation in the faces before her, she drops hastily the precious bug, flashes an angry glance at the owner of that name, and turning, runs swiftly into the woods.

"What have I done? Who is she?" he asks, with a perplexed look.

"Why, it's our Bess, and she knows you hate girls, and won't want her here. How did you happen to come? Thought you were sick?" questioned the boys, all together.

"So I was, but I am better; only I lost myself in this confounded maze, and nearly tramped myself to death—if it hadn't been for her coffee," he continues, awkwardly. "How could I hate to have her here?" he adds, so enthusiastically, that Hal retires suddenly behind the house and remarks, "Well, I'll be b-b-blest!" to his boots.

How can the days that follow be described? Golden, sunshiny days, filled with simple pleasures. But, as a reliable chronicler, I am very sorry that I cannot say Miss Fleming's temper was all serene. Towards the unoffending Valentine she bore an enmity that neither time nor familiarity seemed to soften. Occasionally she would unbend so far as to allow that gentleman to assist in her investigations into the flora of the region of country in which they were.

At rare intervals she might unavoidably treat him with her natural *bonhomie*; and then the remembrance of his sentiments to her sex and their first meeting would turn her into a stiff caricature of her sweet self. Alas! for Uncle Ralph and his pupil. It was not the first time that instruction had led to that which it was intended to avoid. Can you guess what a revelation this sweet, tantalizing girl was to a young man who had never known a woman's love? Day after day to watch her merry petting of those big brothers, and then to recall his lonely childhood and youth! Is not the fate of this poor Val easily surmised?

Tramping alone by the riverside, Val at last discovers and acknowledges to himself the cause of the vague wretchedness of the past weeks—acknowledges with a sickening realization that his happiness for life is in the hands of a girl who has only an unreasoning hatred; or, at best, a supreme indifference, to give him; and he grinds his boot-heel into the soft turf as he goes slowly towards the camp.

A sudden turn around a clump of fringe-hung birches, and Mr. Graham beholds a spectacle which drives away from him all thoughts of his own troubles.

Upon a gnarly old tree, leaning far out over the river, sits Miss Bess, plainly disconsolate. In the pool below her, her hat is slowly sailing around like a gondola of new design. At the sound of footsteps she raises her head; but as her eyes meet his, the welcoming gleam of hope in them gives way to a flash of ire, and she says, petulantly:

"Oh, I hoped you were Steenie."

"I'm sorry," he says, gently, "but Steenie would not help you more gladly than I would, were it in my power."

After a pause, during which the girl's tears puzzle him, he continues, quietly:

"Let us go home to the boys and our camp-fire. It is getting late. You will take cold there; and you have lost your hat, too."

"Not at all," returns Bess. "I am only leaving it there till I come down. I am waiting for the sunset, but you need not wait too."

"But I should like to," he responded.

A long pause ensues. Miss Fleming apparently gives rapt attention to some soft, fluffy little clouds flushed to a rose-pink by the setting sun. Mr. Graham as intently gives his whole mind, aided by his good right arm, to the recovery of the truant hat, which eludes his impromptu fishing-pole with an agility which seems to prove it endowed with the spirit of its willful owner.

"I wish you would come down now," he breaks forth, landing as he speaks his dripping and somewhat dilapidated prize. "You don't look comfortable up there."

"Well, I'm not," she replied, with unlooked-for energy and a hysterical mingling of tears and laughter. "The branch that helped me up here broke off, and then floated down the river. Every time I have tried to get down I have nearly pitched into the water, so I have sat here for hours like a graven image, and my two feet fast asleep. I'd have jumped in long ago, before you found me sitting here like an idiot," she concludes, vehemently, "only it looks so deep down there."

As she finishes he has found firm footing among the roots of her tree, and with a gravity which causes Bess to regard him with suspicion, says, in a business-like way:

"If you will lean forward a trifle, I will place you on *terra firma* and we will go."

But Miss Fleming has resumed her contemplation of the sky, and without glancing at him, says, willfully:

"I told you before that I intended staying here to see the sunset. You are so evidently in haste, you may go. But be sure and tell Steenie I want him."

Valentine's arms fall, his face whitens and his voice rings with passionate anger:

"So I may not even touch your hand, and I would give my life for you! You have nothing but undeserved contempt for me, and I—I love you!"

He folds his arms upon the tree and drops his head upon them, as if the end of all things had indeed come.

Bessie's eyes are looking far away, and within them a new sweet light of self-revelation grows and deepens.

The little clouds are growing gray; the cool twilight seems to creep closer, with its soft, cool languor and its blurring shadows. The wind sighs through the trees in low, sad whispers; the murmur of the river sounds clear and loud. A sancy bird, very near, suddenly gives a shrill, startling cry, and Bess stirs uneasily, and with her

eyes dropped to the helpless little boots, says, nervously, with an argumentative air:

"This out-of-door life is very healthful, don't you think?"

At this apparently irrelevant remark Valentine raises his head and looks at her in great amazement.

"I have grown so very stout and heavy," she continues, bravely, "that I do not think you could lift me down."

"I am quite willing to try," he says, with eager sarcasm; and with the color flushing her sweet face, she leans towards him with outstretched hands.

I cannot tell you anything more, except that, as they came into camp arm in arm, with a new light in their faces, Hal's boots received an especial benediction; Martha knocked over the coffee-pot in a fit of bewilderment; Czar upset Steenie in the exuberance of his joy; while Tom, in *an aside*, asked: "What will Uncle Ralph say?"

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

QUEEN'S JUBILEE PICTURES.

AMONG our foreign illustrations are portraits of the three European Kings who personally participated in the Royal Jubilee ceremonies in London last week. They are, George I., King of the Hellenes; Leopold II., King of the Belgians; and Christian IX., King of Denmark. Another picture, showing the Coronation Chair of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, is of interest in connection with the recent ceremonial, as well as on account of the history of that famous relic. The chair has been used at the coronation of the British sovereigns since Edward I. It contains the Stone of Scone, on which the Scottish Kings were crowned, and which Edward carried away with him as an evidence of his absolute conquest of Scotland. This unique trophy is a piece of reddish gray sandstone, 26 inches long, 16 inches wide, and 11 inches thick, and is fixed in the bottom of the chair with clamps of iron.

MR. GLADSTONE IN SOUTH WALES.

We give a small group of sketches illustrative of Mr. Gladstone's recent trip through South Wales. The Grand Old Man was as energetic and earnest as ever, and was received by the Welsh people with enthusiasm. At Swansea Station Mr. Gladstone was met by his host, Sir Hussey Vivian, M.P., and a vast crowd who sang as he appeared.

"The Land of my Fathers." The next day's incidents were a visit by Mr. Gladstone to the Mumbles Head, and a serenade in his honor in the grounds of Singleton in the evening.

On a subsequent day, a remarkable political display took place. Mr. Gladstone had agreed to receive members of the Liberal Associations throughout the Principality, and no fewer than sixty special trains were provided for their conveyance. Deputations also arrived from Cork and Waterford. The day was observed as a holiday—the collieries and other works being closed—and there were at least a hundred thousand persons assembled in the grounds of Singleton Abbey. Mr. Gladstone seated himself in a high-backed carved chair on a roofed dais in front of the house, Mrs. Gladstone being on his right hand. Sir Hussey Vivian sat immediately behind, while Mr. Abraham stood in front of the platform and acted as herald, announcing the titles of the successive associations, and the names of the presidents and secretaries. Sometimes the people marched by singing the Welsh national air, sometimes bands played, and cheering was incessant. There were many women in the procession, and children in arms. The addresses were, at Mr. Gladstone's suggestion, collected in a large clothes-basket. The men from Landore gave Mr. Gladstone an ax, and another enthusiast presented him with a leek, which he immediately affixed to his coat. Among the processions were 10,000 tin-workers. Each man wore a tin badge, fashioned by himself, and their banner was a flashing sheet fifteen feet long and four feet broad. The deputations took four and a half hours to pass by. Mr. Gladstone had a fresh smile for every deputation and address, and, at last, wound up by a strongly delivered speech of three-quarters of an hour. On the Monday following, Mr. Gladstone opened the new Free Library at Swansea, and received the freedom of the borough.

THE FRENCH RAILWAY EXPOSITION.

Vincennes, one of the picturesque suburbs of Paris, offers a great attraction for visitors this Summer, in the recently opened Exposition celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of railways in France. The site is between Dunesnil Avenue and Charenton-le-Pont, near the lake.

All around the Exhibition buildings, which are of very elegant iron construction and picturesque in detail, runs a railroad leading to mimic stations called Vienna, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Rome, and New York, at which latter place Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty can be seen in a harbor.

The original station of St. Germain is revived, and from a gorgeous restaurant, while breakfasting or dining, one can see trains go in and out of a tunnel, moved by electricity, compressed air, steam, etc. Each station is built and served in the style of the country it represents, and every nation is to have a theatre with national representations.

PREMIER ROUVIER AND GENERAL FERRON.

With the advent of the Rouvier Ministry, as the outcome of the recent crisis in France, the eyes of the world have naturally turned with great interest to General Ferron, the successor of General Boulanger in the War Office. Like the latter, General Ferron is a competent soldier and an earnest reformer, and he evidently means to dislodge the present ministry by zealously furthering the military plans of his popular predecessor. He was born in 1830, is a sapper, a pupil of the Polytechnic School, an engineer, and a veritable trooper.

Lieutenant in the Crime, he won his Cross of the Legion of Honor in the trenches at Sebastopol. For twenty years he served in Algeria, in Kabylie. He was on service in New Caledonia when the War of 1870 broke out, and arrived in France in time to take part in the second siege of Paris against the Communards, when he was Chef-de-bataillon.

Subsequently he was Chief of Staff of the Ninth Corps at Tours under the orders of General de Gallifet, and Sons-chef of the General Staff of the Ministers of War Thibaudin and Campton.

At present he is Division General, and in command of the Thirteenth Division of Infantry (Seventh Corps) at Chaumont, a most important and confidential post. General Ferron has a very

high reputation in the army as a distinguished officer of great practical experience, thoroughly capable of carrying out the great military reforms now in hand. M. Rouvier, the new Premier, is a Marseilles gentleman of considerable financial ability, whose fortunes date from 1870, when he first entered public life. He was born at Aix, in Provence, in 1842. At first an extreme radical, M. Rouvier has moderated his views considerably.

In the great and short-lived Gambetta Ministry he held the portfolio of Commerce and the Colonies; a few years later, in the Ferry Cabinet, he accepted the same portfolio. M. Rouvier is said to be capable, learned in financial matters, and a man of will. As for the rest of the members of the new Cabinet, they are for the most part written down as honorable mediocrities, who will doubtless do their duty, and whose existence M. Clemenceau and his radical friends will doubtless render as unhappy as they can until they can accomplish another upsetting.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

It is stated as a fact that a man was indicted at the late term of court in Tucker County, W. Va., for stealing a saw-mill, boiler and all. He succeeded in getting away with it, and carried it into Pennsylvania.

CONTRIBUTORS to the national drill, recently held in Washington, have received notice that bills amounting in the aggregate to \$20,000 remain unpaid, and an assessment of 40 per cent. has been levied to make prompt payment.

PASSENGERS have arrived in New York from Yokohama in twenty days by the Canadian Pacific route. Such dispatch makes the new line, contrary to general expectation, a very formidable competitor for the business of China and Japan with our own Pacific roads, and with the extremely leisurely steamer service that connects with them at San Francisco.

THE successful use of crude petroleum as fuel in a locomotive the other day on the Pennsylvania Railroad leads the way to a revolution in steam-making from which it is not too much to expect great money-saving and labor-saving results. The Philadelphia *Press* says that the difference of cost between coal and petroleum fuel in running a train of cars between Altoona and Pittsburg—the terminal points of the recent experiment—will be something like forty to fifty per cent. in favor of petroleum, and it is possible that improvements in appliances for using the latter will increase this difference still further as time goes forward.

THE total number of immigrants arrived at the ports of the United States from the principal foreign countries, except Canada and Mexico, during the month of May, was 83,664, an increase of 23,431, as compared with May, 1886. For the eleven months ending May 31st, the number was 417,860, an increase of 133,608 as compared with the same period last year. This comprises about ninety-eight per cent. of the immigration into the entire country. Of the immigrants arrived during the past eleven months the largest number, 94,278, came from Germany. From Ireland came 58,509; Sweden and Norway, 48,540; England and Wales, 65,213; Italy, 39,993; Russia, Finland and Poland, 32,428; and so on.

THE postal convention which has been concluded between this country and Mexico practically extends the postal facilities of each country into the other, on the same terms and with the same advantages that are enjoyed by its own citizens. The principal value of its provisions will lie in the opportunity for freer and more expeditions of commercial intercourse. This will appear especially in the facilities for sending parcels of merchandise, not exceeding four pounds and six ounces in weight, subject to no charge or detention except such as is involved in the simple payment of duties on such articles as are subject to duty. Ordinary correspondence is made as easy and as cheap, and ought to be as expeditious and certain, as between the different parts of either country.

THE latest news from the Sandwich Islands gives a gloomy outlook for the pygmy kingdom. During the last two years the loss of white population has been 1,056, while the gain in Chinese in that time has been 3,445. The King has been seriously involved in a big opium smuggling case, and is drinking more heavily than usual. He is so much alarmed by reports of foreign plots to dethrone him, that his palace is guarded night and day, and customs officers recently searched a consignment of goods to foreign merchants in Honolulu on suspicion that they contained arms and ammunition. It is shrewdly suspected that Claus Spreckels is at the bottom of the Hawaiian discontent, and is fomenting revolution in revenge for the King's treachery to him.

IT looks as if the Panama Canal enterprise is doomed. While not more than one-fifth of the work has been done, the company has already expended double the original estimate of its cost, and the money on hand will not last more than four or five months longer. It is now reported that the builders of the canal have to contend not only with a sliding mountain on one side of the cut in the Culbre Division, but also with a rising bed in other parts of the line. The *Engineering News* has been informed that in the lower parts of the route the bottom of the ditch is continually forced upward by the weight of the excavated material deposited on each side, so that in some places "it requires a very healthy and hard-working dredge to hold its own." The quantity taken out under such conditions is included in the reports which show the total excavation for each month.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JUNE 19TH—In New York, Michael H. Sigerson, lawyer and politician, aged 38 years. June 20th—In Manchester, N. H., J. T. Hale, well-known New England journalist, aged 44 years; in Schenectady, N. Y., Professor Jonathan Pearson, of Union College, aged 74 years; in Boston, Mass., Daniel Pratt, the "Great American Traveler," aged 78 years. June 21st—In New York, Dr. Woolsey Johnson, Health Commissioner, aged 45 years; in New York, John F. Berrigan, Democratic politician, aged 45 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. Edgar F. Peck, aged 81 years. June 22d—In Mecklenburg Co., Va., Dr. B. J. Walker, former member of the Legislature. June 23d—In Baltimore, Md., the Hon. James L. Bartol, aged 75 years; in Jersey City, N. J., ex-School Commissioner Menzies R. Case, aged 77 years. June 24th—In Rochester, N. Y., the Hon. Freeman Clark, aged 78 years; in Hartford, Conn., Mrs. Sarah Sophia Cowen, aged 67 years; in Spotswood, N. J., General Leonard F. Appleby.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CONGRESSMAN THOMAS B. REED, of Maine, will spend the month of July in Alaska.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Philadelphia to build a memorial church in honor of the late Bishop Stevens.

SENATOR SABIN, of Minnesota, has no children of his own, but gives paternal care to nine friendless orphans.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, England, has conferred an honorary degree upon Professor Asa Gray, the botanist, of Harvard College.

JOHN WANAMAKER, of Philadelphia, will soon reach his fiftieth birthday. The Quaker City Press tendered him a banquet to celebrate the occasion, but Mr. Wanamaker has declined the honor.

THE Supreme Court of Missouri has refused to reverse the decision of the court that convicted Maxwell, alias Brooks, for the murder of Preller in a St. Louis hotel, and he will be hanged on August 12th.

THROUGHOUT England, and even in Parliament, Mr. Parnell's name is usually spoken as in this country, with the accent on the second syllable. But he and his closest friends accent it properly on the first syllable.

THE Queen Regent of Spain sent to Queen Victoria for a Jubilee gift a widow's cap of priceless old Spanish lace, with an embroidered veil reaching to the ground and a pearl diadem, the jewels of which were embroidered on the lace by Queen Christina herself.

VISCOUNT N. WATANABE, of Japan, President of the Auditing Department of the Treasury, has come to this country to study the American system of national finances. He will spend most of his time at Washington, but will also visit Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

CAPTAIN P. D. MUNRO, of the Anchor Line of ocean steamships, who has seen nearly fifty years of service on the sea, sailed from New York last week on his final voyage as captain. He has lately commanded the favorite *City of Rome*, and has been exceptionally popular among ocean travelers.

PROFESSOR SMITH will appeal to the Supreme Court from the decision of the Andover Visitors in the matter of the heresy charges, because he regards the decision as unjust, and holds that the proceedings were illegal. The Trustees will also appeal, on the ground that their powers and functions were usurped by the Visitors.

THROUGH the generosity of Jay Gould, the Mount Vernon estate, where the body of Washington lies entombed, has been enlarged by the addition of a tract of thirty-three and a half acres on the northern side, near the old Washington mansion. The acquisition of this tract was much needed to protect the property from encroachment.

DANIEL PRATT, known as "The Great American Traveler," died in a Boston hospital last week. Early in life his mind became unbalanced, and for nearly fifty years he wandered from place to place, often making long journeys and subsisting on what was given him in charity or as a return for the amusement which his peculiarities afforded.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is making arrangements for another short vacation in July before he goes West. This time it is said he will go to some place near Washington, probably into the mountains of West Virginia. Mrs. Cleveland returned to Washington last Saturday, after a very enjoyable visit to her alma mater, Wells College, on Cayuga Lake, of which she has been made a Trustee.

"Boss" MICHAEL McDONALD, the gambler, whose brother was convicted the other day in the Chicago "boodle" trials, and who was the most conspicuous figure in the disreputable politics by which Harrison maintained his power, has resigned from the Democratic County Committee, giving as a reason that pressure of private business precludes his "giving any further attention to politics."

EDITOR DANA of the New York *Sun* and Editor Pulitzer of the *World* have been saying very harsh things of each other lately in their respective papers, and now that the former has followed the latter to Europe, it is hinted that a duel is likely to occur. It is more probable that each will enjoy himself in his own way



NEW YORK.—WELCOME TO THE LAND OF FREEDOM—AN OCEAN STEAMER PASSING
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—



AMERICAN PASSING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY: SCENE ON THE STEERAGE DECK.

STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 327.

A WEB OF FATE:

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

B. LIEUTENANT RODNEY.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN this dog came leaping and sniffing to her feet, and in the clear moonlight Hilda saw the curious marks that distinguished Jörn from his setter relations, she felt as if she were under a delusion of her own fancy. She knelt on the sand. "Jörn," she whispered, "good old Jörn, is this you? Where did you come from? Where is Hertha?"

The dog reached up with a whine of joy, and licked her cheek and ear. Was Hertha close by? Was Sen Axel coming to her rescue, or Kenneth? Perish the thought that she should take help from this strange man whose bold eyes alarmed her, and at whose voice her soul shrank, as the mimosa shrinks from a careless touch! She saw a shadow creeping out from the chaparral. No doubt it was the stranger. She rose, and with one hand holding fast Jörn's collar, the other crushing up her rashly written note, she returned to the adobe. She knelt down on the hearth, and dropped the note into the red coals. Then she pulled the dog's collar into the light of the flame. Sure enough, "Jörn" was on the collar. "Property of Hertha Axel."

"See what a splendid dog I found!" she cried to Mrs. Takeswood.

"He seems to know you," said the old woman, suspiciously.

"Oh, all dogs act that way to me. They like me," said Hilda, calmly.

"He's lost from some wagon-train," said Takeswood, coming in.

"None pass here," returned Hilda.

"They pass not far off. He's been on a trip; he is thin, you can see—feel his ribs."

"Then he shall have plenty to eat," said Hilda, requesting one of the Mexicans to get some bread and meat. She spoke in Spanish.

"Why did you learn that lingo?" said Takeswood.

"So I might make myself understood," replied Hilda, curtly.

She took Jörn to her bedroom and made him sleep on the floor, close by her cot. One while, she hoped he would stay as her defender; but what defense would one dog be against three men? In her mind she associated the "boorder" with Takeswood and Cramm. Then she began to consider how she could make the dog a means of communicating with Hertha. He might start off any hour and rejoin his mistress; he must carry a message. One of the Mexican servants worked gay-colored jackets for sale. Hilda had been gathering up the scraps of this work. She now said she would make Jörn a pretty collar, so he would be known in the house as her dog. She took a ribbon from her hat, doubled it in the middle, and made a band for Jörn's neck. Then she took the hem of one of her kerchiefs, and with some of her long black hairs sewed on it these words: "Hilda wants help. She is in the hills, near Turkey Creek. House alone, off road. Tell K. Moray, U. S. S. C." This piece of cloth she sewed inside the folded ribbon, as a lining, doubling the ribbon over it. Before she put in this lining, she worked on the black band a pair of crossed flags, the badge of the Signal Corps; then signs for "Send help," "Give information," and a number by which Kenneth had distinguished himself in their signaling. As she arranged it, Jörn's collar looked, to the uninitiated, merely gay and fantastic.

Having failed in an appointment, and in getting Hilda's confidence, Rupe Moth made the dog an excuse for talking with her. Hilda shrank from speaking to him, but he never found her out of hearing of Mrs. Takeswood without a few words for her ear. One day, as she sat on the doorsill, with Jörn's head in her lap, Rupe stood behind her, and said, softly:

"I have a good horse. Four hours' ride on that horse would bring me to the stage-track, and then on to Maricopa. My horse will carry double. Any one who had friends in Maricopa, or who needed protection there, would find it in that way without trouble."

"What did all this mean?" Hilda asked herself.

Mrs. Takeswood discerned what it meant. One night she was talking to her son behind the house, when every one else was in bed. Mrs. Takeswood had locked Hilda in, and was standing with her son in the open moonlight, so placed that no one could come within earshot without being seen.

"Can't you see what they are at?" said the old woman. "Rupe means to marry the girl, then the game will be in his own hands. I see through him. If he cannot get her in the usual way, he's going to get her to go off with him, to find her friends, and marry her by force. She's afraid of him now, but by-and-by she will be so homesick and so ready to try anything, that she will take her chance with him."

"They dare not leave me in that way," said Takeswood. "Don't I know Sol murdered the girl's father? Don't I know he tried to blow up the stage with giant powder?"

"Yes; you know too much—so much, he will try to put you out of the way, as he did the Chinaman. I was listening near his room yesterday. I have poked a little hole through the wall. I heard Rupe say, 'Now you've got that paper from Germany, we can do as we like'; and also he was trying to get him to burn something up, and Sol wouldn't. Rupe said he was a fool."

If the history of crime were studied, certain curious developments of the human mind would be noticed in connection therewith. The murderer is drawn by some fatal fascination towards the place of his terrible deed, and hovers there to his own betrayal. The outraged conscience gives hints, and cries, and tokens, whereby its burden

is indicated. The true momentum of criminality is towards expiation and acknowledgment, not towards concealment. It was so with Sol Cramm. For years his mind had lingered over the thought of the confession that had been wrested from him by the brother of his victim. Now he had that confession in his hands. Common sense would tell him to burn it, but the paper held a spell over him; he had desired its possession so long, that he could not destroy it. He carried it about with him; he gloated over it. He would go to nooks and shady places, where no eye saw him but that of some soaring bird or shy rabbit, and then he would take out the cover, stamped with the double-headed eagles, and he would unfold the paper and pore over every line.

After the old woman's hint, Takeswood watched Sol more closely; he followed him for hours. He saw Sol slink off to the dense growth behind the house one day, carrying the star-studded satchel. Takeswood made a *détour*, and slinking through bushes, cacti and long grass with the silence and skill of a snake, he perceived Sol Cramm sitting where a great rock and the trunk of a tree close together made a shelter on two sides. As Takeswood lifted his head so that he could see Cramm, and yet himself be unseen, he perceived the satchel open between his knees, and that he took from it a long, heavy envelope, with three great red patches on one side. Takeswood was sure of what this paper must be. Should he leap on Cramm and take it away? It would be a tussle, man to man, and one was as likely to conquer as the other. He might kill Cramm, and lay the dead to the Chinaman. Uncertain whether to do this or not, he began creeping round to be nearer Sol, when some one, who did not seek concealment, came crashing through the bushes. It was Rupe Moth.

"You must be insane!" cried Rupe. "Here you are gloating over that paper. You must and shall burn it!"

"No, no, Rupe," pleaded Sol. "If I burnt it I'd begin to doubt I'd ever had it. I'm sure of it when I see it. I get doubting, then I come and study it."

"Mighty pleasant reading it must be!" cried Rupe.

"Well, it's pleasant to think it's not in Von Helde's safe any longer."

Evidently it was the confession—also evidently Takeswood must get possession of it; but to do that, he must not be supposed to suspect it was this side Germany. He crept back to the open country and hurried to the house. Some travelers towards Antelope Springs had stopped for their dinner, which Mrs. Takeswood and the Mexican women were serving. One of the travelers had thrown down a paper, which he had read as he waited. Takeswood picked it up; it was several weeks old. Almost the first thing he saw was this advertisement:

"If T—d, who wrote Baron V. H. at Ulm, will now address him at Tucson, they can come to terms.—Office of this paper."

Takeswood tore out the advertisement, and burnt the paper. His way now seemed clear. He would see the baron, make the best terms possible with him, and having told as fair a story as he could for himself, he would deliver Hilda to his hands. Then a light flashed on Takeswood—Baron von Helde would not advertise for him if he were treating with Cramm. If he were not treating with Cramm, then he had not given him the confession; it had been stolen in some way. It would be a grand stroke of policy to go to the baron and restore to him this paper, the loss of which would put Cramm once more in his power. As he ruminated these things, with his hands in his pockets, standing behind the house, his mother came out to him.

"Sol Cramm's got a paper sealed with three great dabs of red wax. I see him looking at it this morning. He keeps it in his satchel, but Rupe wants him to burn it."

"I'd give my head for that paper," said Takeswood.

"Would you give up the girl to her friends if you had it?"

"Yes, I would."

Mrs. Takeswood said nothing in reply, but went in flourishing a great meat-fork, which she held in her hand. Presently Cramm and Rupe came round the house, and sat down to dinner. Takeswood, as soon as they were busy eating, ran into the road, and give his signal-call for Ah Wing. The Chinaman came up.

"Ah Wing, I'm going to Tucson to-night. Cramm has got a paper in his satchel that will hang him. If I can get that paper, Cramm is all the same as dead. You must get the satchel for me by midnight. I have one just like it. You will see mine on a nail in the room where I sleep. You must change my satchel and Cramm's, so that when I go off I shall have his, not mine. That will kill Sol."

"How, b'loss?—how?" demanded Ah Wing.

"Somehow. You wriggle in and get the bag. You're like a snake, you can get in anywhere."

Now, at the end of the house, against Sol's room, stood an empty box against the wall. Ah Wing agreed with Takeswood, that, as one of the travelers who dined had some money, he should be persuaded to remain and play cards. Takeswood, Cramm, Moth, and the stranger, were to play cards at the front door where there was some shade in the afternoon, and Takeswood was to keep up noise enough to cover any small sounds that might indicate that Ah Wing was digging a hole through the adobe wall under Sol's bed.

Meanwhile Mrs. Takeswood made a plan of her own, which so tallied with that of her son, that she supposed he understood it and was working with her. When she prepared supper she drugged the tea she gave Sol and Rupe. When they went to bed, Takeswood slipped over to the stable to get his horse ready for his secret night journey.

Mrs. Takeswood, opining that Sol and Rupe slept,

entered their room; had they been awake, she had an excuse, in two shirts and two towels brought for their use. They slept. She had behind her her son's satchel; she took Sol's bag from its hook, beside his bed, and put Takeswood's in its place. Then she carried her prize to Takeswood's room and hung it up.

Half an hour later, Ah Wing lay flat on the ground outside the house and seemed to burrow like a mole. His brown, naked body disappeared from the faint starlight outside, and was presently wriggling like a worm along the dirt-floor of Sol's room. He moved before him, in a large kerchief, a hand-bag, which he had just brought from Takeswood's room, having taken it through the window. He rose silently to his feet, listened to the deep breathing of the two men in the bed, took down the bag that hung near Sol's pillow, put the other in its place, lay flat once more, and wriggled back to outside night. Then he climbed into Takeswood's room, put the satchel got from Sol there, and went and told Takeswood "Allee samee l'ight, b'loss."

Takeswood appeared in the big room where his mother sat smoking in the chimney. "I'm off for Tucson, only you are not to know it."

"Ay! Be careful of that bag you carry; it has what you want in it."

"I know it," replied Takeswood.

Having ridden softly out of hearing of the house, Takeswood put spurs to his horse, and made as good time as he might over the rolling ground and through the deep passes of the hills. The moon rose, and its light glistened on the dragon, formed of star-shaped studs, on the bag strapped to Takeswood's waist. He looked at it with a chuckle of triumph. He made no delays. Having struck the stage-route, he left his horse at a corral, and took a place on the stage-box with the driver, and went to Maricopa. At Maricopa he took the first stage for Tucson. He had no leisure nor safety for opening the satchel, but he carried it in his hand all the way. At Vulture, while the stage stopped to change horses, a small young man with prominent blue eyes came up to the stage and began to talk. He asked earnest questions about mining prospects in the Antelope region, but Takeswood had an uneasy feeling that the blue eyes especially noticed his bag. In fact, next day a dispatch went from the Wickenberg Office to Kenneth, in Yuma, and one to Baron von Helde, in the Antelope Camp:

"The dragon satchel went to Maricopa, by the stage, last night." ANVERS.

The feeling that his bag had been curiously noticed so impressed Takeswood, that he took a needle and thread from his pocket and sewed his red bandanna into a case, or sack, to cover the satchel from prying eyes.

The dispatch to Kenneth reached that young man about half an hour after another dispatch, inquiring if he were willing to exchange his Yuma office for his old Arizona station. That prompt young man replied that he was, and proceeded at once to the work of departure. He set his office, his books and papers in order; took an inventory of all Government property in his hands; hired a box-car for Fury, and in two days was ready to be off.

Kenneth was older in heart and face since he left his Arizona station, where he had first seen Hilda; this chase after Hilda was telling on him; hope deferred was making his heart sick; he was constantly getting some trace of the beloved girl, coming up almost with her, and then she would vanish in mystery. It seemed to him as if all Arizona had joined in the search for the heiress of Von Helde.

While Kenneth prepared to leave Yuma, Takeswood reached Tucson, and went at once to the printing office to inquire for Baron von Helde.

"Never heard of such a person," said one of the printers.

Takeswood took from his wallet the advertisement and shook it in his face. The man of types was frightened by the blustering miner.

"That was in a long while ago. It never was answered," he faltered.

"It's answered now; I'm answering it!" cried Takeswood. "Where is he?"

"I'll find out from the editor," said the printer. The editor came to appease Takeswood.

"Baron von Helde left no address. He said he would send for answers, and he did send, from Maricopa, from Phoenix, and from Vulture. Since then, he has not sent; we do not know where he is."

"And you've humbugged me into making this long, costly trip all for nothing?" roared Takeswood.

"Not at all. Oh, by no means. Just write a letter, saying all you wish to say, and I will put a line in the paper requesting Baron von Helde to come on and call for his mail. I assure you he will soon get it."

"Telegraph for him," ordered Takeswood.

"Impossible, unless we know where he is."

"I'll be here to-morrow morning," cried Takeswood, blind with fury, "and if you don't have Von Helde's address for me then, I'll know why."

He returned to the hotel, and to console himself, then ripped open his red bandanna, took out the satchel, and proceeded to treat himself to a sight of Sol Cramm's cherished papers, and to revel in the idea of Sol's rage and horror at finding them gone.

He opened the satchel easily with his own key.

He found that it was his own satchel!

At this revelation, Takeswood howled like a baffled wild beast. He emptied the contents of the satchel on the floor. His own, and none other! No red wax, no double-headed eagles, no confession that would wring the life-blood, drop by drop, out of Sol Cramm's heart. Takeswood leaped up and down with rage. He tore his hair; he kicked over a table; he flung a chair to the ceiling; he saw his own fury-distorted face in a glass, and

shivered the glass with his fist. Then he waved the bleeding fist over his head, and bellowed like a bull in a net. The noise he made was so excruciating that two waiters came up to find out what was the matter. Having reconnoitred through the key-hole, they reported him suffering with delirium tremens.

"Take him a hair of the dog that bit him," said the landlord, who cured or killed all ailments with gin. The waiters took up a bottle of gin and a glass, broke open the door, and proffered the dancing and howling Takeswood the remedy. Takeswood glared at them, seized the bottle, kicked them both out of the room, bolted the door, set the bureau against it, sat on the bed and drank the entire bottle of gin. After this he rolled over and slept all night.

Next morning, when he went to breakfast, he was waited on by an officer of the peace, who requested him to leave town or be arrested, on behalf of the editor, whom he had put in terror of his life. Takeswood responded that he meant to leave town, but if his letter to Baron von Helde were not delivered pretty quick, he should return and knock blazes out of the entire town of Tucson, including the officer. After this genial statement of intention, Takeswood took the cars, and finally returned home in the reversed order of his going forth.

About two miles from the adobe, as Takeswood rode slowly, his beast being weary, Ah Wing stepped out from the shadow of a clump of trees, crying:

"B'loss, b'loss, stoppee! Him hung, b'loss, alle alie samee you plounise, eh?" He ran to take the rein, in his eagerness to hear of Sol Cramm's destruction. Takeswood's fury rose beyond all bounds; he lifted his braided hide riding-whip and brought it down fiercely across the Chinaman's face.

"You lying Chinee! You dog, you beast! I'll be the death of you!"

He struck at Ah Wing again.

"You lied; you never changed the satchels—you are in Cramm's pay."

Ah Wing had by this time, though blind with pain, got out his long knife, and made a lunge at Takeswood, but succeeded only in scratching the horse, which bolted away.

The Chinaman sat by the road and wiped his smarting face. He began to reflect. There had been a day when he got sixty dollars a month and his board for working at the stage station for Kenneth Moray. He had been paid promptly, treated properly, had no cause for complaint, and every month laid up at least fifty-five dollars. He had been on the highway to what he called riches. This excellent manner of existence might have continued indefinitely, until he was ready to return to China to live in luxury; but in an unhappy hour Ah Wing had taken to stealing. Stealing had connected him with Takeswood, Moth and Cramm—"F'lee velly b'lad men," said Ah Wing to himself, rubbing his swollen face and scratching the scar on top of his head. They had paid Ah Wing poorly; had kicked, cuffed, cursed, beaten, and tried to assassinate him. "One alle samee muchee l'as o'll'a," said Ah Wing to himself. Ah Wing was sick of his vicious ways. He may not have repented of the works of sin, but he repented much of the wages. He made a resolution. He would go forth and find "B'loss Mo'lay"; he would tell him where was that "velly p'etty gel alle samee he wife." Having thus resolved, he rose up, wiped his burning countenance, and as he had no possessions, he began his reformation at once by turning southwest to look for Kenneth Moray.

While Ah Wing repented and began a reformation, Takeswood went on to the adobe, where he saw Hilda, sitting beside the old woman.

"What have you been crying about?" he said, roughly, to Hilda.

"I've lost my dog," said Hilda. But she had lost Jörn two days before—she was crying with heartsickness. As for Jörn, she hoped good would come to her by means of his collar. Oh, why did Kenneth and Hertha abandon her so? They did not love her, or they would have found her. To get away from Takeswood, she rose up.

"There are some miners down the road taking their noonings. There's a woman with a baby—can I go see them?" she said to the old woman.

Three men and an old woman have me in charge. I must be rescued. I want you to send word about me to the Signal Office where you staid with me. You remember, Francia?"

"Indeed, yes, señora. You gave me lovely ribbons, and you were so good and holy, like a little saint! I could never be wicked any more after I saw you on your knees, in your white gown, saying your prayers like an angel in a church! I am married, señora, and this baby shall say its prayers. Yes, señora, I will send all about you to that station-office."

"Where are you going, Francia?"

"Down to the Antelope Mining Camp, señora."

"You must send me help from there. There may be an old man named Axel there. Remember the name—find him. Perhaps he has with him a brown dog with three white half-moons on top of his head. Will you remember that dog? Follow whoever owns him, and tell about me, and say they must bring officers quick and rescue me, or I shall be dead. I cry all night long. See how thin I am getting, Francia."

"Heavens and angels! Oh, dear señora, do not die. I will get you help in a fortnight. I will see the caballero—I will see the dog with moons—I will remember the word Axel. Oh, remember, the caballero loves you! Yes, I give you my word. Cry no more—be well. I will save you!"

(To be continued.)

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

SOME OF THE ELEMENTS OF ITS PROSPERITY.

FORT SCOTT, on the Marmiton River, is the capital of Bourbon County, in Southeastern Kansas. As our readers know, it has of late come prominently to the front among the flourishing young cities of the State; and far greater things are expected of it during the next few years. That these expectations are well founded, a glance at the recent record and present position of Fort

intermission or pulsation, and delivers a body of water of fifty-five hundred barrels per day. A qualitative analysis of the product of the water has been made by Professor M. Swenson, chemist of the Parkinson Sugar Works of Fort Scott, which shows the water to be slightly alkaline, the principal mineral ingredients being alkalies, chlorides, carbonates and sulphates, with small quantities of bi-carbonate of calcium. It is entirely free from organic matter, and much softer than ordinary water—a true mineral water.

Fort Scott real estate is steadily advancing in value, and from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000 is annually put into new buildings. The transfers of real estate for the month of February last amounted to \$1,724,846.25. There are ten brick schoolhouses and sixteen churches in Fort Scott. It has two daily and three weekly newspapers. Sixteen hotels insure the visitor against the inconvenience of the "rush," so common in Western cities in times of "boom." And, in conclusion, we may say that Fort Scott is well worth a visit, particularly by men of business and capital who are on the lookout for opportunities for investment in a young manufacturing city, which is realizing with almost unprecedented rapidity the predictions of a great future.

WELCOME TO THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

WHILE the thousands of immigrants who are landing on our shores are drawn hither very largely by the hope of improving their material condition, nearly all of them are also influenced, more or less, by expectations of enlarged social and political advantages—by the belief that here they will escape the burdens and limitations which in the Old World abridge individual freedom and the exercise of rights which are felt to be inherent. With very many of the conceptions of the liberty here enjoyed are no doubt false and erroneous; but they are none the less impelling and determinative forces. To the immigrant from famine-haunted Ireland, or from Scandinavian countries where opportunities of individual growth and development are so scant and rare, the first glimpse of the shores of this Land of Promise must indeed be inspiring and joyful, and as they sail up our beautiful Bay and

sum total of £199,690 that the Royal Family costs the Government of the country; which is less than three ha'pence per head of the population per annum; or considerably less than the Republics of France and America (who pay their representatives) cost their respective countries!

H. P. C.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO THE QUEEN.

QUEEN VICTORIA granted a special audience to Mr. Phelps, United States Minister, for the purpose of allowing him to present President Cleveland's Jubilee congratulations. Mr. Phelps was attired in plain evening dress. The demeanor of the Queen towards him was most cordial. She expressed warmest thanks for the President's congratulations. The private reception of the diplomats on such occasions is almost unprecedented, but the American Minister had expressed a desire, through Lord Salisbury, for such an audience, and the Queen replied that it would afford her much pleasure to receive him privately. The letter of the President was as follows:

"Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.

"GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND: In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, I present their sincere felicitations upon the arrival of the fiftieth anniversary of your Majesty's accession to the crown of Great Britain. I but utter the general voice of my fellow-countrymen in wishing for your people the prolongation of a reign so marked with advance in popular well-being, physical, moral and intellectual.

"It is justice, and not adulation, to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues for their important influence in producing and causing the prosperous and well-ordered condition of affairs now generally prevailing throughout your dominions.

"May your life be prolonged, and peace, honor and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule. May liberty flourish throughout your empire under just and equal laws, and your Government be strong in the affections of all who live under it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Michigan Legislature has passed a county local-option law.

A FRENCH protectorate has been established over the Badiboo district in Sierra Leone.

CONGRESS is to be asked for an appropriation to make the Valley Forge Camp-ground a national park.

REPRESENTATIVES of forty nations were present at a Consular Jubilee banquet held in London last week.

TWO of the Chicago "boodlers" have been convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

THE Governor of New York has signed the Legislative Act prohibiting the use of car-stoves after the 1st of May next.

THE damage resulting from the recent floods in Hungary is stated at \$5,000,000. Fifteen hundred farmers have been totally ruined.

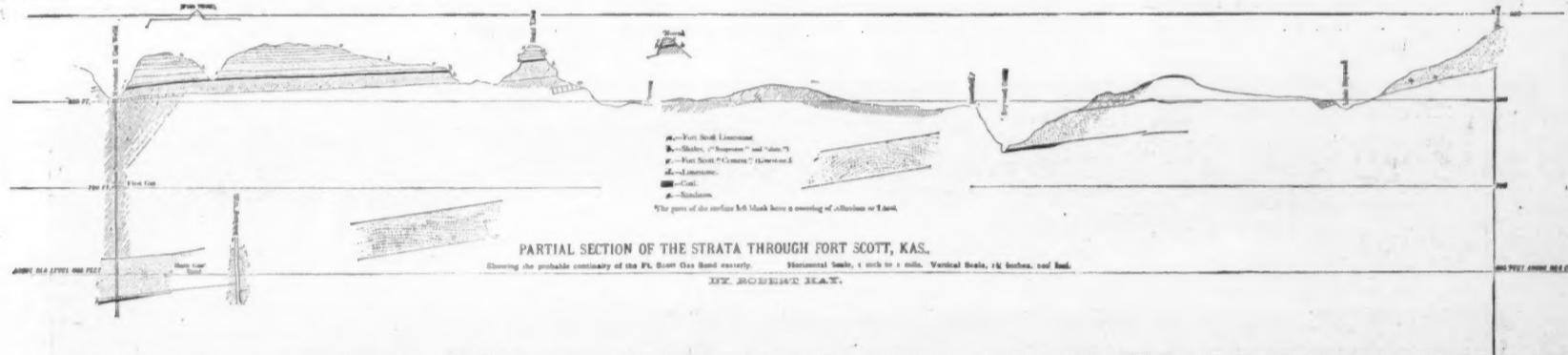
IN the communal elections in Rome the clerical candidates polled 2,000 more votes than were ever cast by the clericals in previous elections.

THE Spanish Senate has voted \$50,000 towards the erection of a statue to the late King Alfonso, the public to contribute the balance of the sum necessary.

A CORPS of special agents will be appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to supervise the allotment of lands in severality to the Indians on eleven reservations.

SEVERAL of the tenants arrested at Bodyke, in Ireland, for resisting the officers sent to evict them, have been sentenced to prison at hard labor for terms ranging from one to three months.

THE Illinois Legislature appropriated \$50,000 to build a monument to General Logan, and authorized the Chicago Park Commissioners to set apart a portion of Jackson Park for his final resting-place. Several of General Logan's friends propose to increase the amount appropriated and to build a more extensive monument than could be done with the \$50,000.



Scott, from an industrial point of view, will clearly demonstrate.

Fort Scott has to-day a solid resident population of 15,000, and this is rapidly increasing. One of the chief manufacturing places of the State, and a natural distributing centre for numerous and varied natural products, it occupies a very prominent place in the thoughts and plans of railroad-projectors. Already its completed lines of railway radiate in eight different directions, and it is at the junction of the Missouri Pacific and the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf Roads. Among the certainties of the very near future are an independent line and connection with St. Louis, a connection with San Francisco, and a connection with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy line.

Let us group a few of the more important facts and figures that "talk." Fort Scott is situated in the midst of the greatest coal-producing section between the Mississippi and Colorado. The largest and best flagstone quarries in the West are found here, and this stone is shipped to St. Louis and all important points in the Missouri Valley. The grain for a radius of from 50 to 150 miles is handled by Fort Scott grain-dealers, some of them having as many as a score of elevators and shipping points. The most extensive cement-works west of Louisville are those of Fort Scott. It has the largest brickyards in the State, turning out a product which rivals those of Philadelphia and St. Louis. Over five hundred carloads of apples and potatoes were shipped from Fort Scott last year. The value of slaughtered animals for one year was over \$600,000; the estimated value of cattle shipped, over \$1,000,000; and hogs and sheep in proportion. Fort Scott has thirty-five manufacturing establishments, with a capital of from \$5,000 to \$150,000 each, and an average output of \$50,000 each. Six other establishments—a mill, a foundry, sugar-works, and three nurseries, the largest of their kind west of St. Louis—do a business of over \$3,000,000 a year. Over thirty wholesale and jobbing establishments have extensive commercial relations with Western Missouri, Northern and Western Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Texas, Colorado and New Mexico. Fort Scott's banking capital has increased over 800 per cent. since 1880.

Fort Scott, within the last year, has become a natural-gas city; and already the product of nine wells, with 160 pounds pressure, is being piped throughout the city for fuel and illumination. A company has leased land and has drilled wells, which are yielding an abundant supply of gas. The productive wells form the apices of a triangle nearly equilateral, whose sides are just under 700 feet in length. The distance from the town is small, as the farm abuts on the city boundaries. Mains have been laid, and the gas is now in use in hotels, private houses, car-barns, etc. In these wells, a gas horizon is found at about 100 feet below the first limestone, which shows itself in the bed of the Marmiton; but the main supply is from a bed of sandstone, which is reached in the different wells at from 175 to 195 feet below the limestone horizon mentioned.

The artesian well shown in one of our illustrations was struck March 30th last by the Fort Scott Prospecting and Mining Company in one of the shafts that they were drilling on their grounds at Fort Scott for the purpose of further developing the great measure of natural gas which is known to exist in those parts. This great flow of water was reached at a depth of nine hundred feet, and is forced up eighteen feet above the surface. The flow is constant and steady, without the least

for the first time see the majestic statue of Liberty, standing, so to speak, at the very gateway of the Republic, we cannot wonder that their exultation should, as it often does, find enthusiastic expression. Our double-page illustration depicts a scene of this character on the decks of the steamer *Germanic*, one of the best known of the steamers of the favorite White Star Line. For many years the steamers of this line have made their ocean voyages with a regularity and certainty which have established it in the favor of all classes of passengers. Four steamers, surpassing in appointments by none, comprise the regular transatlantic fleet, and to these extra steamers—during the Summer months—are frequently added. To the immigrant traffic the White Star steamers offer, by the celerity and the certainty of their trips, special advantages and a saving of time, which are none the less agreeable than to the tourists and travelers for pleasure. The appointments of the steerage are as complete as those of the first cabins, and although the demand for accommodation often exhausts the supply, nothing is omitted which may promote the health or the comfort of the seekers of wealth and fortune on the shores of the New World. As the great steamship comes slowly up the harbor, every eye is turned towards the statue, which, if it could speak, would salute the newcomers with welcomes, and every soul is stirred, feebly it may be, but none the less really, by emotions for which there is no fitting speech. May all who sail past it to these hospitable shores find every just expectation realized, and prove in all things worthy of the citizenship which the land of freedom confers upon them.

COST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

LONDON, May 28th, 1887.
To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

SIR: In your paper of the 7th of May of this year you state that the Royal Family of England costs the country £900,000 a year. Perhaps you will not object to publish in your next issue the following information, which is, I believe a correct account of the expenditure for the Royal Family:

	Per Annum.
Her Majesty, from the Duchy of Lancaster, £45,000.	57,690
The Prince of Wales, from the Duchy of Cornwall.....	40,000
The Prince of Wales, granted by Parliament,	10,000
Princess Royal,	8,000
Duke of Edinburgh,	25,000
Princess Christian,	6,000
Princess Louise,	6,000
Duke of Connaught,	25,000
Princess Beatrice,	6,000
Duchess of Cambridge,	6,000
Duke of Cambridge,	12,000
Princess Mary,	5,000
Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz,	3,000
Total.....	£254,690

The Queen gave up her private property (crown lands) and receives in lieu thereof £385,000 a year; but this property is now worth about £440,000 a year: so, from the revenue (above mentioned) of £254,690 must be deducted the difference between those two sums (i.e. between £440,000 and £385,000), viz.: £55,000: leaving a

"And I pray God to have your Majesty in His holy keeping.

"Done at Washington, this 27th day of May,

A.D. 1887.

"By the President: GROVER CLEVELAND.

"T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State."

The special audience accorded to the American Minister by the Queen on this occasion was one of many courtesies which she has bestowed upon representatives of the United States. The Queen has never ceased to manifest friendship for the Union since the Prince Consort's death. He warmly advocated the nation's cause at the outbreak of the Civil War, and the Queen was in full accord with his views. Her letters to Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Grant have attested her deep sympathy with Americans when distinguished men have been lost; but there was much that was really helpful in the support which she gave to the Union in the momentous crisis of the Civil War.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GELATINE is the latest adulterant of butter. By adding gelatine, which absorbs ten times its weight of water, the consistency of the butter is retarded, and the water adulteration is not noticeable.

IT is not necessary to have different metals to obtain a current of electricity. Iron in nitric acid and iron in sulphuric acid, the two fluids being separated by a porous partition, will give a current, one plate wasting away while the other is thickened.

WITH a view to overcoming the difficulties in spreading borax and other fluxing materials over the heated surfaces in making welds, a Frenchman has invented plates, usually consisting of a very pliable wire gauze, on both sides of which the flux, being highly vitrified, is evenly spread. Paper may be also used as a support. In cases of small surfaces it is often sufficient to form a sheet of the flux and metal filings agglomerated together. The plates are simply placed between the surfaces in place of the powder being sprinkled on, the wire gauze being welded in between the surfaces.

AN English traveler, who has been inspecting certain ancient bass-reliefs near Chiansiang, China, in a chapel built in the second century and lately freed from the accumulated earth of ages, reports that the aim of the Chinese sculptors was largely to incite morality. Thus a wife who allowed an enemy to cut her head off, supposing it to be that of her husband, is depicted. Another purpose was "to picture the wild and incredible in nature, and certainly the view here given of the monstrous beings which the people of China then thought of as existing in earth, air and sea is confirmed by the books which remain from that age. Another prevailing aim was to bring good fortune to the descendants of those buried in the tombs by depicting lucky plants, lucky clouds, lucky animals, and favorably disposed deities."

These sculptures are supposed to be the same that are described in an antiquarian book written in Chinese, belonging to the epoch 400 B.C.-200 A.D., when bass-reliefs of the kind flourished. In front of the chapel are pillars carved with grotesque doorkeepers in the shape of eight-headed human tigers, three-bodied human monsters, and other figures designed to keep off evil spirits.

THE California State Viticultural Commission estimates the wine crop for 1887 at 22,000,000 gallons. If the vintage equals the estimate it will be the largest in the history of the Golden State.

THE Swedes of Chicago are going to erect in Lincoln Park a \$50,000-monument to Linnaeus, the famous botanist. The monument will be the finest in Chicago, and is to be a fac-simile of the Linnaeus statue at Stockholm.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, in speaking of the proposed Catholic University, says it is probable, but by no means absolutely certain, that it will be located in Washington. Not less than \$1,000,000 will be required to place the institution on a sound basis.

AT its annual meeting at Saratoga, last week, the Society of the Army of the Potomac adopted resolutions strongly protesting against the surrender of the Confederate battle-flags, and demanding for them such care as will secure their preservation.

GOVERNOR OGLESBY of Illinois has signed the Bill making it unlawful to sell, pay for or furnish cigars, cigarettes or tobacco in any form to minors under sixteen years of age, except on the written consent of parent or guardian. The measure goes into effect at once.

THAT the *Mayflower* is a better boat than the *Gaiaea* was settled by their race over the Eastern Yacht Club Course at Marblehead, last week. It was just such a day as Lieutenant Henn had said the *Gaiaea* needed to show her best points—nasty and squally, with a tremendous sea running, which wet the jibs of all the boats nearly to the mast. But the *Mayflower* proved her superiority in even the *Gaiaea's* pet weather, beating the latter by seventeen minutes.

E. L. HARPER, the late Vice-president of the Fidelity National Bank, Cincinnati, and Benjamin E. Hopkins, Assistant Cashier, by whom the institution was wrecked in connection with the recent wheat deal, were last week arrested and committed to jail. Wiltshire, who was the active man in the deal, was arrested at the same time on the charge of abetting the defrauding of the bank and the misapplication of its funds by Harper and Hopkins, but was subsequently released on bail.

THE new cruiser *Chicago*, in her trip from Chester, Pa., to Brooklyn, last week, made thirteen knots an hour with ease. The contract calls for a speed of sixteen knots in smooth water and fifteen knots at sea. The steamer was begun in August, 1883. Her water-line measurement is 325 feet, beam 48 feet, mean draught 19 feet, and displacement 4,500 tons. She is provided with a twin screw and two independent compound engines of 2,500 horse-power each. The hull and machinery cost \$889,000. She will carry fourteen guns.

THE high-license law recently passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature is so sweeping in its provisions that, literally construed, it prohibits the use of wine in the churches. A number of liquor men in Altoona propose to take advantage of this provision, and threaten to prosecute any minister who administers the Sacrament by the use of ordinary wines. It is scarcely likely that this move will succeed, for even if the courts decide against the churches, unfermented wines could be substituted, and the law still be complied with.



FRANCE.—M. ROUVIER, THE NEW PREMIER.
SEE PAGE 323.

published in London and New York. Some of the pieces contained in it have become popular in a musical setting; and the Birmingham *Gazette*, in a notice of the book and its author, declares that "Of such specimens of pathetic verse as 'My Angel Love,' and 'Untold,' his countryman Longfellow might have been proud."

CHARLESTON'S MEMORIAL TABLETS.

WE give on this page an illustration of the bronze tablets which have been given by the City Council of Charleston, S. C., to the members of the Committee which managed the Earthquake Relief Fund. The tablets, which were made by Tiffany & Co., are placed upon ebony plaques, fifteen inches by twelve. The inscription, which is in boldly raised letters, occupies the centre of each piece. Below this is the name of the recipient in etched letters on a raised ribbon, and below is the date. All this lies within a border of ivy. At the top of the tablet, and conforming to its shape, is a palmetto wreath surrounding the seal of the City of Charleston. The design is at once simple and effective.

COMPLETION OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE opening of the Cascade Division of the Northern Pacific Railway marks the practical completion of that great continental enterprise. Until this Division was completed, the road of the Northern Pacific from Tacoma to Portland had no connection of its own with the rest of the main line. The length of the Division is about 255 miles, and its construction has been a work of great difficulty, one of its features being a tunnel 4,850 feet long and 2,800 feet above the sea-level. For Tacoma, the completion of the enterprise is a work of great importance. It assures the future of the city, making it really the terminal city of the Northwestern Pacific system. It already feels the impulse of the new forces which are at work in its favor. Its population is now over



SOUTH CAROLINA.—MEMORIAL TABLET PRESENTED BY THE CITY OF CHARLESTON TO MEMBERS OF THE EARTHQUAKE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

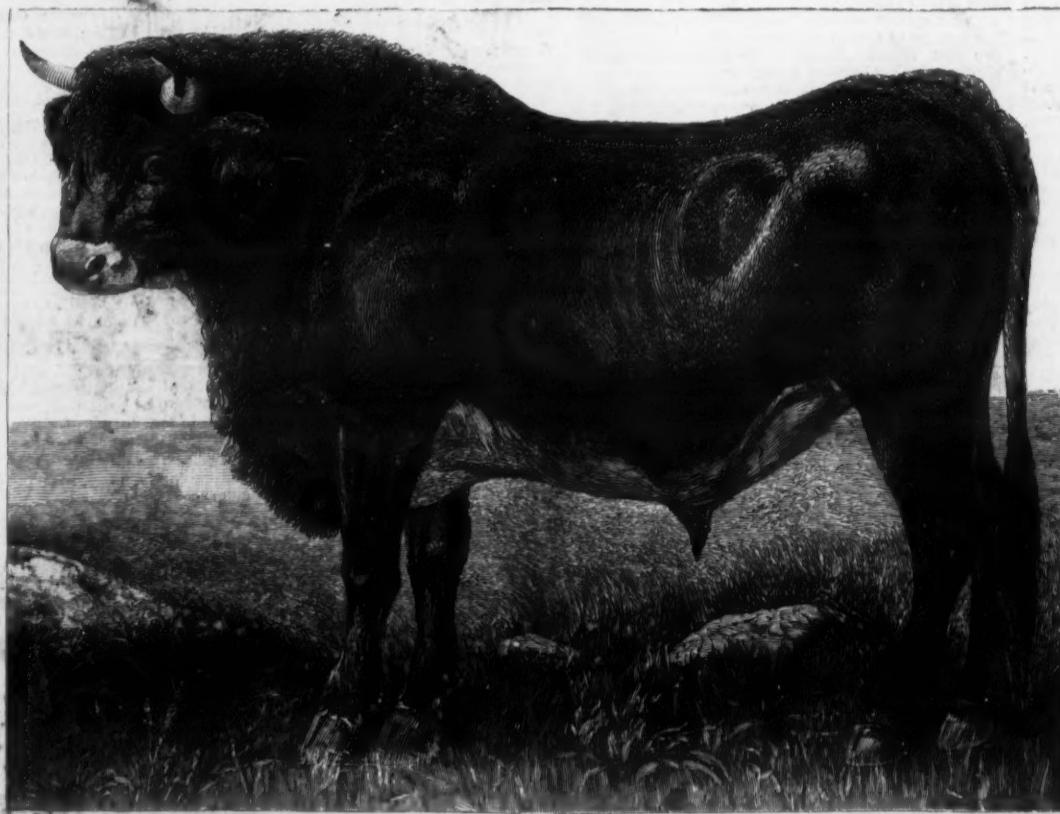


WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETION OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY, AT TACOMA, JULY 4TH.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN.

MR. ATHERTON FURLONG AND HIS ART WORK.

WE give an illustration of Mr. Atherton Furlong's fine painting of the thoroughbred bull "Jerry," of the Duke of Northumberland's herd. The original picture, life size, has been on exhibition for some time at Schaus's Art Galleries, on Fifth Avenue. It is a strong and beautiful work, quite in the spirit of Rosa Bonheur. The figure of the animal is nobly posed, while the landscape setting, a sympathetic study of a characteristic bit of rural England, is unobtrusively effective.

Mr. Furlong is a versatile American, whose achievements in music, poetry and painting give him a triple claim to the distinction which he enjoys here and in England. Born in Oxford County, Maine, about thirty-eight years ago, he lived on a farm until he was nineteen years of age. His artistic tastes, and especially his talent for music, impelled him to seek the advantages of a residence in the city, and he first won a reputation in Boston as a tenor vocalist. In 1878 he went to England to complete his studies, and decided to take up his permanent abode there. It is only within the last few years that Mr. Furlong has given his serious attention to painting: but he has pursued his studies with much ardor, and a success which could not have been obtained without the possession of genuine talents. A year or two ago a volume of poems by Mr. Furlong, entitled, "Echoes of Memory," was



NEW YORK CITY.—THE BULL "JERRY," OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S HERD.—FROM A PAINTING BY MR. ATHERTON FURLONG.

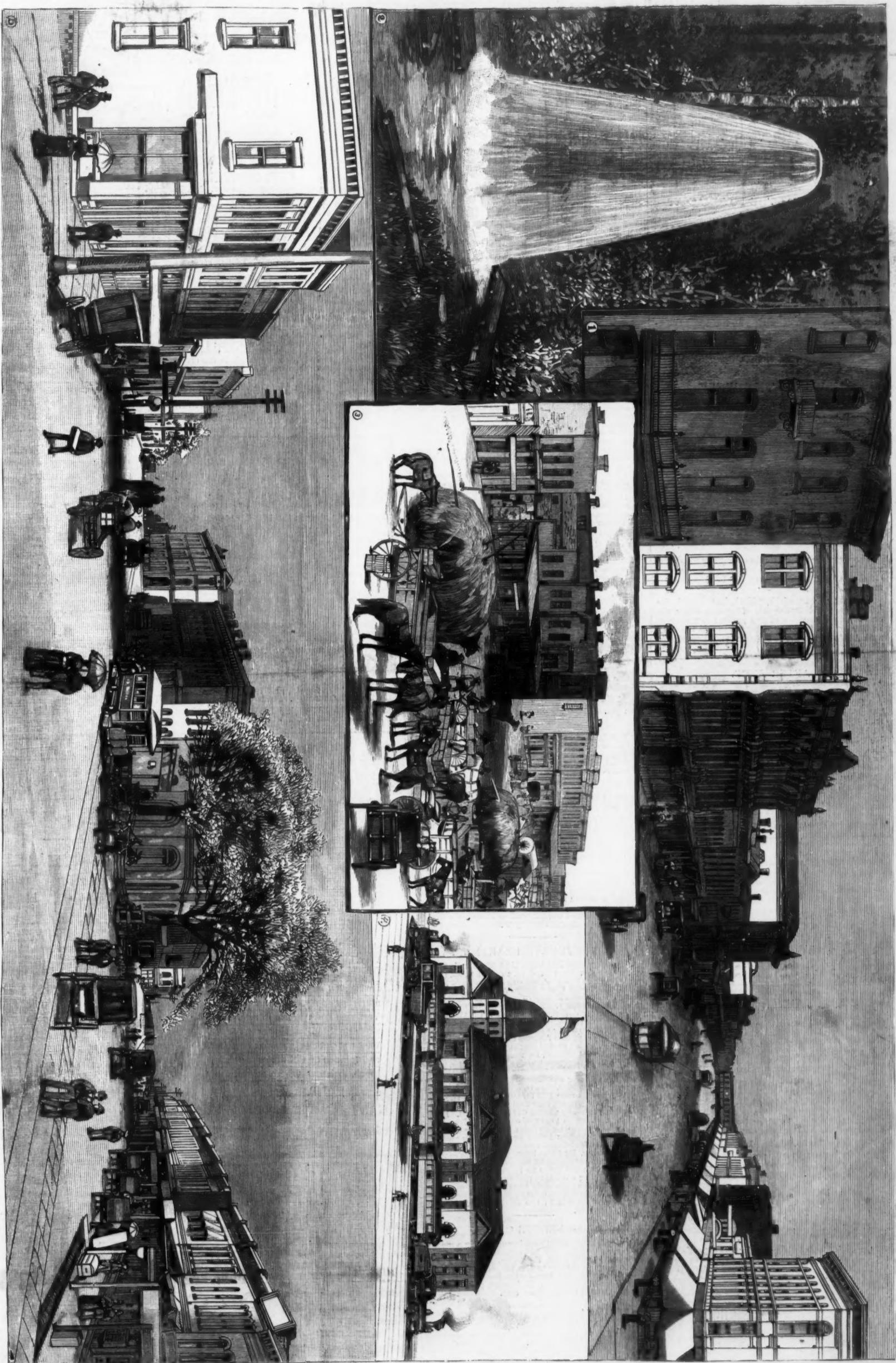
9,000, with an assessed valuation of \$4,092,119; it has 33 miles of graded streets, 7 public-school buildings, 18 church buildings, 11 miles of water-mains supplied by an aqueduct 10 miles long, and 2,169 miles of tributary railroad. Last year it spent \$763,500 in building improvements, and its manufacturing and other industries are constantly and rapidly increasing.

As an evidence of their appreciation of their opportunities, the authorities propose, on the coming "Fourth" to hold an old-fashioned celebration, invitations to which have been issued, as follows:

"The Mayor and Chamber of Commerce, in behalf of the citizens of Tacoma, W. T., cordially invite you to unite with them in celebrating the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and in commemorating the national holiday, at Tacoma, on July 4th and 5th, 1887."

NAPHTHA AS A FUEL.

OF the use of naphtha as a fuel the *Popular Science Monthly* says: "Naphtha has been considered dangerous on account of its explosive qualities, but it has been found that they disappear when the liquid has been exposed to the air for a few days till it has lost its volatile constituents, which compose about 15 per cent. of its substance. Crude naphtha, directly from the springs, is burned in the locomotive furnaces of the Balachanskoi Railroad, Russia, and there are no accidents. Naphtha is the fuel that develops the greatest quantity of



1. MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH. 2. ARTESIAN WELL. 3. EAST SIDE MARKET SQUARE. 4. DEPOT OF KANSAS CITY, FORT SCOTT AND GULF RAILROAD. 5. VIEW FROM THE JUNCTION OF MARKET AND WALL STREETS.
KANSAS.—VIEWS IN FORT SCOTT, THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF THE SOUTHEASTERN PART OF THE STATE.
SEE PAGE 327.

heat, and it also possesses the great advantage of not containing sulphur or other injurious substances. Ninety per cent. of the theoretic calorific power can be realized from it, while not more than 60 per cent. can be got from solid combustibles. In 1859 doubts were expressed in Russia as to whether petroleum could be used as a combustible; now it is employed exclusively on all the ships in the Caspian Sea, and only half as much of it is required as used to be consumed of coal. The maximum force to be obtained from petroleum is equivalent to two and a half times what coal will furnish; and experiments on the railroad from Baku to Balachan show that a given weight of naphtha will take the place of eight and a half times the weight of wood, although the theoretically calculated difference in calorific power is only as three to one. Petroleum is very conveniently introduced into the furnaces of locomotives with the injectors that are used; the combustion is very easily regulated, and the furnaces last well in the absence of sulphur, while no smoke, sparks or ashes are emitted.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT SARATOGA.

THE reunion of the Veterans of the Army of the Potomac, at Saratoga, to which we devoted a number of pictures last week, passed off with brilliancy and enthusiasm. The main features were those outlined in our descriptive notice accompanying the illustrations. The Sixty-ninth and Fourteenth Regiments of New York attended; and Governor Hill, General Sherman and General Sickles reviewed the procession on Wednesday. At the banquet on Thursday evening, Wallace Bruce read a poem describing an incident of General Grant's last moments. Our illustration on page 320 represents a group of veteran cavalry officers at the reunion.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is announced that the British Parliament will be prorogued about the middle of August.

It is now said that the Afghan frontier negotiations tend to an early and satisfactory settlement.

DR. MCGLYNN strongly denounces the effort of the Pope to secure a restoration of temporal power.

It is reported from Brazil that monkeys have been trained to work in the field, and that they give satisfaction.

THE General Term of the Supreme Court of New York has decided that hotel-keepers may serve wines and liquors to their guests on Sunday.

A SOCIETY for the prevention of cruelty to sailors, with Mr. August Belmont and other prominent citizens as the incorporators, has been organized in New York.

GOVERNOR HILL of New York has signed the Bill which prohibits the sale of liquors, wines, ale or beer, in quantities of five gallons or upwards, in those cities, towns or villages wherein the local authorities do not grant a single retail license.

AFTER AESOP.

FABLE NO. 1.

A SANGUINE PUBLISHER sent a Quite-Too-Fresh-Young-Man to a Wise Old Advertiser to say to Him that His newspaper now had the Circulation of 50,000 copies by the Week, wherefore, before, everybody knew full well that it really had not One-Tenth so many. Is It indeed so? said the Wise Old Advertiser, shrewdly, laying his right Forefinger against his sagacious Nose; is It indeed so? Then you must have obliged People to Subscribe and pay for it.

Not so, said the Quite-Too-Fresh-Young-Man, for We send It to a List of Names We buy as We best can, and they are Not compelled to Subscibe and Pay for It, because these Folks never heard of such A paper before.

Then the W. O. A. waxed Angry in a mild kind of way, and lifting the Q. T. F. Y. M. by one of his Ears for a handle, set Him straight Outside on the Stony Pavement.

Moral.—A soft Answer doth Not always turn away Wrath, for the Statement of the circulation of Certain Newspapers is Curiously and Wonderfully made.—J. H. Bates.

A NEW ECLIPSE.

HORSMAN'S ECLIPSE CAMERA, elsewhere advertised in this paper, thoroughly deserves its name. Its first and great merit is that it is thoroughly practicable. With its excellent pictures are taken, serving in all respects for those made by the professional photographer, and comparing creditably in all points. Clearness, sharpness, softness, tone, and all the features demanded in photographs of the first order, are found in the work of the Eclipse Camera. In addition to this essential merit, the Eclipse Camera is exceedingly portable, convenient, compact, and cheap within. It is truly a *medium in parvo*, and destined to immediate popularity among amateur photographers.

FUN.

NEBRASKA boasts of a salt well two thousand feet deep. Young man, go West!

When looking for lodgings, inquire within or go without.—New Orleans Picayune.

UNCLE SAM is not a dude. But he has a seal ring on his hand in Alaska.—Boston Beacon.

WHEN EMERSON said, "Hitch your wagon to a star," did he mean to marry an actress?—Albany Argus.

EVE never bothered Adam about the Spring fashions, but she was the first woman to adopt the Fall style.—Boston Gazette.

An intelligent camel could play *Richard III* in a more realistic manner than some actors. His hump at least would be natural.

The question is being asked, "Why does a man at before he is hanged?" Perhaps it is to prevent his dying from starvation.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

One swallow does not entirely consume a straw-berry shortcake, quarter section, restaurant pattern, but it worries it considerably.—New York Journal.

"THEOREO, I don't believe you love me any more," said a K Street girl, plaintively, as her best fellow, a Post Office Department clerk, pulled her past an ice-cream saloon. "Oh, don't say that, dearest," said he, reproachfully. "Why, I named fourteen post-offices after you last week."—Washington Critic.

AVOID FALSE GUIDES.

NOTHING could be more misleading than the theory that every man or woman can be his or her own doctor. Books are published which contain long catalogues of symptoms, and lay down inflexible rules for treatment. Many lives are sacrificed annually to such amateur medical treatment. The danger of taking any remedy without having a proper diagnosis of one's case needs only to be admitted. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., found, when they introduced their Compound Oxygen to the public, that wisdom, as well as honesty, demanded the frankest statements to their patients. A correspondence soon brings out all the important facts regarding the sufferer's condition. If the physicians discover that Compound Oxygen and its associated remedies will not reach the disease under consideration, they make it an unvarying rule to say so. This precept of frank and manly dealing has not been departed from throughout seventeen years of active and remarkably successful practice. During that long period their Home Treatment by Compound Oxygen for consumption, bronchitis, rheumatism, paralysis, asthma, and associated diseases, has been introduced into forty thousand families, and its remarkable success warrants every recommendation that has been uttered in its behalf. It is not a cure-all remedy, but where prescribed, after careful investigation of the patient's case, it rarely fails to effect a cure. DR. STARKEY & PALEN send a very interesting book, free, to anybody who will write for it.

SIR ROGER TICHBORNE.

THE celebrated claimant to the Tichborne estates is delivering a series of descriptive lectures on his remarkable life and case, at "OLDE LONDON," 728 and 730 Broadway, and is listened to with much interest by the crowds which assemble at that exhibition. His trial for perjury, which took place in London in 1872-3, was the most remarkable on record. It occupied ten months, and between three and four hundred witnesses were examined, some of whom swore positively he was the genuine Sir Roger Tichborne, while others swore with equal assurance that he was Arthur Orton, a butcher from Wapping, who had emigrated to Australia some thirteen years previously. He was convicted of perjury and sentenced to four years' imprisonment, from which he was released, on a "ticket-of-leave," about four years ago. Those who have never been able to determine whether he was the most ill-used man or the most gigantic impostor the world has ever seen have now an opportunity of seeing him and judging for themselves, from his manner and speech, whether he be "gentleman" or "butcher." A curious fact is that he stands, while speaking at "OLDE LONDON," on Wapping Old Stairs, the birthplace of Arthur Orton.

THERE are so many lives of Henry Ward Beecher advertised, that it does not seem, in his case at least, that we have received an affirmative answer to the question, "Does death end all?"—Lowell Citizen.

OPENED FOR THE SEASON.

ON Saturday, the 25th, the popular hotel and cottages, "Fort Griswold-on-the-Sound," opposite and two miles below New London, Conn., opened under the same popular management as last year, Messrs. MATTHEWS & PIERSON, of the well-known Sturtevant House, New York. Their table and entire service last year was beyond criticism. Spacious grounds, fine beaches, interspersed with rocky shore. All rooms overlook the water. There is no better Summer resort. Send for announcement, with plans of rooms on each floor.—Evening Post.

"YES, Miss Clara gave me every reason to think that she was interested in me, but when I asked her to be my wife she unqualifiedly refused." "On what ground did she refuse you?" "On the lawn-tennis ground in her father's own garden."

TEMPERANCE BEVERAGES.

DO NOT go to the country without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to flavor your Drinking Water, Soda and Lemonade, and keep free from malaria and all disorders of the digestive organs. Be sure it is the genuine ANGOSTURA of world-wide fame, and manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegent & Sons.

LEGAL OPINION WITHOUT THE USUAL FEE.—A celebrated barrister, retired from practice, was one day asked his sincere opinion of the law. "Why, the fact is," rejoined he, "if any man were to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a lawsuit, he should certainly have it, lest, in defending my coat, I should lose my waistcoat also."

A FORTUNATE BRAKEMAN.

IT was reported last week that Mr. Frank Corcoran, in the employ of the Ill. Central R. R., at the stone depot in this city, had drawn a prize of \$10,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery; and, many being incredulous about it, an *Argus* reporter interviewed him on the subject, with the result of finding the report strictly correct. He drew it on two-tenths of ticket No. 75,866, which took the second capital prize of \$50,000 in the drawing of May 10th. Mr. Corcoran takes his good fortune as a matter of course, not being unduly elated thereby. Although a man of modest pretensions, he was well off financially before getting the prize, and, as he remarks, "a little money does not bother him." He expects to continue right along in his present position as long as the road wants him. He is, and has been for many years, brakeman on the steam-trucks at the stone depot. He is a quiet man and very attentive to his duties, never being absent except when ill. He is a bachelor, about 48 years of age; is of Irish parentage, and came to Cairo from Pennsylvania in 1852. He has no relatives living here, but has two brothers and two sisters in Scranton, Pa., all in easy circumstances. By exercising prudence in expenditures and investments he had accumulated a larger property than his prize in the lottery amounts to before meeting with that piece of good luck. Such a prize would completely turn the head of many a man, but it does not disturb Mr. Corcoran's ordinary course of life in the slightest.—*Cairo (Ills.) Argus*, May 23d.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

TAYLOR'S CATAREH CURE is sold under a guarantee that, if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten-days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 264 Broadway, New York. Send 4c. stamp for pamphlet. It is sure, safe, pleasant. Our readers can rely upon this.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Gold Fields.

THAT pan out richly, are not so abundant as in the early California days; but those who write to HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail receive, free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, wherever they are located, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required; you are started in business free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes.

Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY

Is the best medicine in the world for all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder. It arrests Diabetic tendency, banishes inflammation, and restores the Kidneys to a healthful action. Thousands have used it with entire success.

FOR GRAVEL

and Stone in the Bladder. MR. D. H. Hoag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., says: "I had Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy disintegrated the Stone and delivered me from it. I am now well. If I had not taken this medicine just when I did, I should long ago have been six feet under the sod."

"Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me of Stone in the Bladder."—S. W. Hicks, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

R. S. B. Hatch, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., is 82 years old. He says: "I Liver Complaint suffered from Liver Complaint for thirty years, and could not obtain more than transient relief. I was persuaded by my friend, D. H. Hoag, to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Words cannot express how I rejoice at the Providence that led me to do so, for my liver trouble is cured. My appetite is uniform; I digest my food without difficulty, and enjoy refreshing rest. I feel as youthful as a man who, in the order of nature, is and must be so near his journey's end." All Druggists', \$1; 6 for \$5. Prepared by

DR. DAVID KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

Golden Medical Discovery

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

The most effective external remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion. Caution.—There are counterfeits. Ask for GLENN'S (C. N. CRITTENDON) on each packet. Of druggists, 25c; 3 cakes, 60c, mailed on receipt of price, and 3c extra per cake, by C. N. CRITTENDON, Proprietor, 115 Fulton St., New York.

Clean Your Shoes

before going in the house, and save the women folks work and worry. Can't clean 'em on the old door mat? Well, that's so, but why don't you get a Hartman Patent Steel Wire Door Mat? If you had one of them you could clean your feet in an instant, and the Mat won't get all dirty and sticky either. Strange! Yes, you can't break it, and it's always neat and ready for business. Why not get one for wife or mother, and remove one of her annoyances? Wan't to know where to get one? Drop a note to

HARTMAN STEEL CO. Limited BEAVER FALLS, PA.

140 Congress St., Boston; 98 Chambers St., NEW YORK; 108 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTERS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, SCALY and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby auburns, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TIN TED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & CO., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Pure Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'ts, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

THE MAPLEWOOD AND COTTAGE,

MAPLEWOOD, N. H.

THE MAPLEWOOD is beautifully situated in the centre of the White Mountain region. A large and fully stocked stable is connected with the hotel. Excursions by carriage with beautiful drives can be taken as far as the Profile, Flume, Fabyan's, Crawford's, Jefferson, through Franconia Notch, and many other points of

"Did n't Know 't was Loaded"

May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but now all intelligent households keep Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

Nathan S. Cleveland, 27 E. Canton st., Boston, writes: "My daughter, now 21 years old, was in perfect health until a year ago when she began to complain of fatigue, headache, debility, dizziness, indigestion, and loss of appetite. I concluded that all her complaints originated in impure blood, and induced her to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soon restored her blood-making organs to healthy action, and in due time re-established her former health. I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla a most valuable remedy for the lassitude and debility incident to spring time."

J. Castright, Brooklyn Power Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "As a Spring Medicine, I find a splendid substitute for the old-time compounds in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with a few doses of Ayer's Pills. After their use, I feel fresher and stronger to go through the summer."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.



SHAVE with EASE.

You often suffer needless pain,
Through fault of yours, you can't deny it;
Before you shave yourself again
Buy WILLIAMS SHAVING STICK, and try it.
Pleasure unknown! and comfort, Ease
Its use imparts; to all who shave
Its Richness, Mildness, Fragrance please,
And Time and Patience tend to save.

Each Stick in a neat Case, covered with red morocco leatherette. Very Portable for Travelers. A LUXURY FOR ALL WHO SHAVE. For Sale by all Druggists, or sent post paid, for 25cts. in Stamps. Address,
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., - Glastonbury, Conn.
FOR 50 YEARS M'RS OF FAMOUS GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP

Good News —TO— LADIES!

Get up Orders for our CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES, and secure a beautiful MOSS ROSE or GOLD-BAND CHINA TEA-SET (44 pieces), our own importation. One of these beautiful china tea-sets given away to the party sending an order for \$25. This is the greatest inducement ever offered. Send in your orders and enjoy a cup of GOOD TEA or COFFEE, and at the same time procure a HAND-SOME CHINA TEA-SET. No humbug. Good Teas, 30c., 35c. and 40c. per lb. Excellent Teas, 50c. and 60c., and very best from 65c. to 90c. When ordering, be sure and mention what kind of Teas you want—whether Oolong, Mixed, Japan, Imperial, Young Hyson, Gunpowder or English Breakfast. We are the oldest and largest Tea Company in the business. The reputation of our house requires no comment. N. B.—We have just imported some very fine WHITE GRANITE DINNER SETS, 115 pieces, which we give away with Tea and Coffee orders of \$40 and upwards. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, NEW YORK.
P. O. Box 289.

RUPTURE
Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-System, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating electric currents. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid Frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send stamp for pamphlet.
ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES.
DR. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT
CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN.
Never lost, lost sleep, interfered with business. Directions simple. Terms low. Treatment free. 1,000 Cures in Six Months. Particulars FREE. THE HUMANE REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of some remedy here, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

FINE FRENCH CHINA AND BEST PORCELAIN
AT LOW PRICES.

Fine White Porcelain Dinner Sets, 100 pieces, \$12.00
Fine White French China Dinner Sets, 100 pieces, \$22.00
Gold-band China Tea Sets, 44 pieces, \$8.50; white, 7.50
Richly Decorated China Tea Sets, 44 pieces, \$10. & 12.00
Decorated Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, \$4; white, \$3.00
Decorated Dinner Sets, all colors & designs, \$15 up.
Decorated Parlor and brass Hanging Lamps, etc., to \$4 prices.

ALSO ALL HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS.
Catalogue and Price list mailed free on application.

VERRINDER & DERBYSHIRE,
Successor to
HADLEY'S, 1-17 Cooper Institute, N.Y. City.

Orders packed and placed on car or steamer free of charge. Sent on receipt of P. O. M. Order or Draft.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. I sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

TUSSAH SILKS

Exclusively controlled by
JAMES McCREEERY & CO.

One of the most appropriate and useful Silk Fabrics for Summer Wear. The last 200 pieces will be disposed of by them between now and their July stock-taking at a marked reduction in prices.

In conjunction with the above there will also be sold several lots of Summer Silks, Foulards, and Fancy Silks and Velvets.

ORDERS BY MAIL
from any part of the country receive prompt and careful attention.

James McCreeery & Co.
Broadway and 11th St.,
New York.

\$5 TO \$8 A DAY. Samples worth \$1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN-HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

50,000,000 FEET OF GAS DAILY! Dr. George's and contains no opium or minerals. \$1 a bottle. U. S. HERB MEDICINE CO., Findlay, O.

For Weak Women.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.: "About the 1st of September, 1881, my wife was taken with uterine hemorrhage. The best styptics the physician could prescribe did not check it, and she got more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, numbness of the limbs, sickness of the stomach and loss of appetite. I purchased a trial bottle of your Vegetable Compound. She said she could discover a salutary effect from the first dose. Now she is comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach's sickness, etc. The hemorrhage is very much better, and is less at the regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength are much improved. We feel that we have been wonderfully benefited, and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sakes we allow our names to be used."

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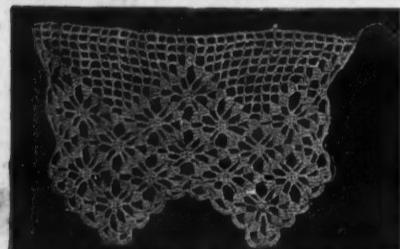
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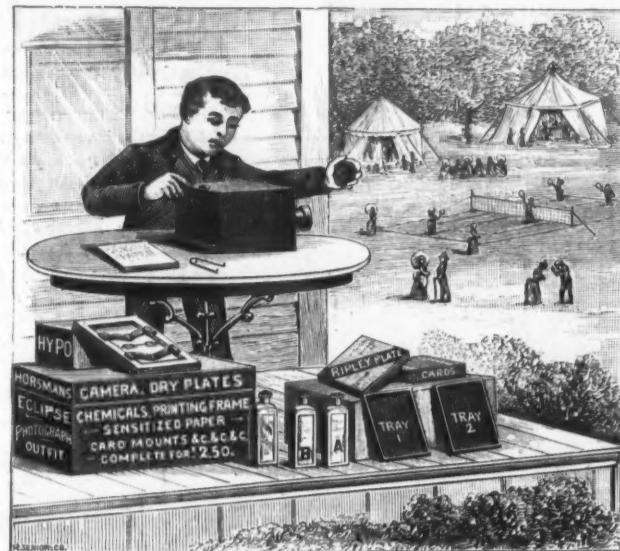
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